The Outlook

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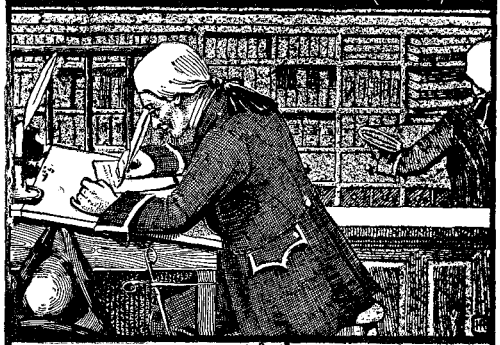

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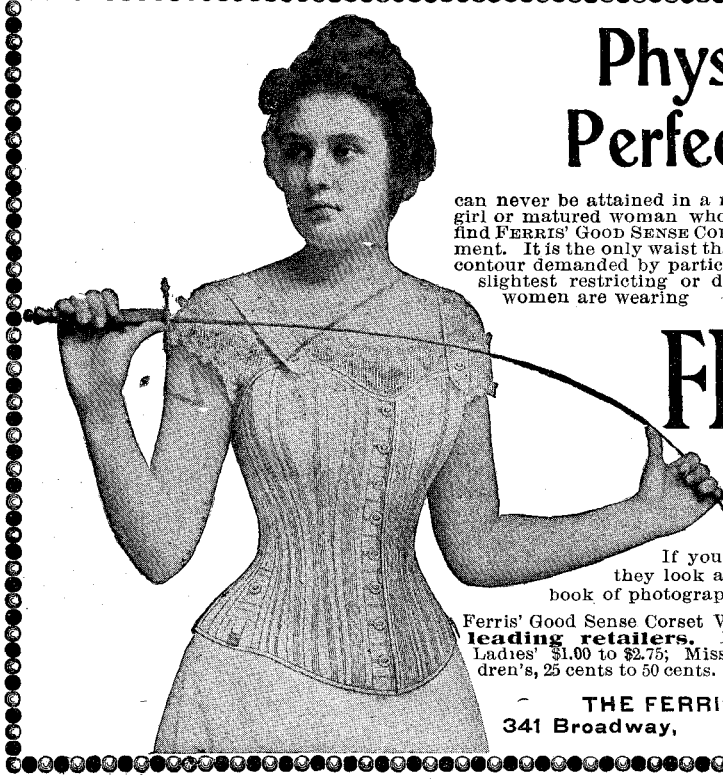

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The Dreyfus Trial: The Prosecution

The principal points against Dreyfus last week were made by General Fabre, Colonel Bertin, and Colonel d'Abeville, respectively chief and subchiefs of the Fourth Bureau of the General Staff of the French Army when the *bordereau* was discovered, and when Dreyfus was one of the six *stagiaires*, or probationers, undergoing instruction in that Bureau. The two officers first named declared that a plan had been intrusted to Dreyfus comprising the details of the concentration of the *troupes de couverture* in the eastern part of France—in case of sudden mobilization these are the troops to be thrown towards the frontier to cover the army's actual mobilization. It may be remembered that the words "concentration of the *troupes de couverture*" form the caption of one of the five documents enumerated in the *bordereau* (or memorandum of army secrets found by a spy in the German embassy in 1894), and thus was one of the secrets betrayed to a foreign power. The value attached to this point by the prosecution is that Dreyfus did possess knowledge of the plans of concentration, which, notwithstanding his denials, he is accused of imparting to German and perhaps to other foreign agents. The prisoner admitted that General Fabre correctly described the work on which he was engaged when a probationer. As has been acutely pointed out, however, this proof of opportunity is, after all, merely an inculpatory presumption. Thinking that Colonel Bertin tried to show the prisoner's disloyalty since as well as before condemnation, the latter protested that—

> In nothing I have written during the five bitter years of my exile will you find a word of disloyalty. I have never believed for an instant that France would hesitate to receive the truth when it should be revealed to her, nor that the army would hesitate to maintain the right and its traditions of honor. There has never yet been a moment when I would not have been glad to die for France, and I hope yet to do so.

Colonel d'Abeville's point was that the author of the *bordereau* must be, first, an officer of the artillery, and, second, a *stagiaire* of the General Staff, having access to more than one bureau of the Staff. As the prisoner was the only officer fulfilling these conditions, therefore he must be the criminal. These and other witnesses for the prosecution insisted upon the fact that Dreyfus was of a prying, inquisitive disposition.

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The Defense

The most precious life in France to-day seems Maître Labori's. No wonder that his enemies tried to kill him. His cross-questioning has been of patent gain to the cause of his client and of justice. By it the facts were brought out that not only at the 1894 court martial, which condemned Dreyfus, had General Mercier inserted an accusing document in the secret *dossier* (or bundle of papers bearing on the case) by indirect methods, but, since the beginning of August of the present year, he had actually repeated that criminal audacity. These two facts have not only caused a general scorn of Mercier; they have also shown with startling distinctness that the same desperate means are used to bring about the recondemnation that were used five years ago. Maître Labori also brought Mercier to book regarding the latter's assertion that thirty-five million francs had been spent by the defenders of Dreyfus, and asked the witness to say how he knew this, who spent it, and other awkward questions, which Mercier was quite unable to answer. Finally, not only Mercier but the other apologists for the General Staff were forced to take refuge behind an "I refuse

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to answer the question," and this attitude was approved by Colonel Jouaust himself, the President of the court. The latter's reputation for impartiality, therefore, has suffered somewhat. During the week the reported "confession" of Dreyfus the day after his degradation in January, 1895, came up again, and was thus explained by the prisoner:

I said to Captain Lebrun-Renault: "I am innocent. I will declare it in the face of the whole people. That is the cry of my conscience. You know that cry. I repeated it all through the torture of my degradation." Du Paty de Clam asked me if I had not given documents of no importance in order to obtain others in exchange. I replied that not only was I absolutely innocent, but that I desired the whole matter should be cleared up. Then I added that I hoped that within two or three years my innocence would be established. I told Du Paty de Clam that I wanted full light on the matter, that an iniquity had been done and that it was impossible for the Government to fail to use its influence to discover the whole truth. "The Government," I said, "has means, either through the military attachés or through diplomatic channels, to reach the truth." And I also said, "It is awful that a soldier should be convicted of such a frightful crime. Consequently, it seems to me, I who asked only for truth and light, that the Government should use all the means at its disposal to secure that light." Du Paty de Clam replied: "There are interests at stake higher than yours."

❀

The Handwriting Experts

Towards the end of the week M. Bertillon, the expert in chirography, and a famous specialist in measurements of the human body, began his ingenious testimony. He tried to prove (1) that the *bordereau* was a doctored document; (2) that it could have been manufactured only by the prisoner; (3) that it had been written in a free hand by means of a key-word placed beneath tracing-paper in such a way as to be quite visible. The basic objection to M. Bertillon's testimony is that its premises were all wrong. The testimony of another handwriting expert, M. Gobert, contradicted the above. He asserted that the handwriting of the *bordereau* was natural and fluent, but that it was almost illegible, whereas Dreyfus, even when writing rapidly, always wrote legibly. M. Gobert suggested that the judges compare the *bordereau* with a letter admitted to be in Esterhazy's handwriting, and with documents written by the prisoner. He thus showed that the *bordereau* was in Esterhazy's handwriting, and not in the handwriting of Dreyfus. He pointed out the identity of letters therein with letters admittedly written by Esterhazy, proving that while the resemblance was not apparent in Dreyfus's handwriting, in Esterhazy's there were marked peculiarities in punctuation and in the manner of beginning fresh lines, also noticeable in the *bordereau*, but not found in the prisoner's chirography. M. Charavay, an expert who in 1894 had testified that Dreyfus was the author of the *bordereau*, confessed to a change of opinion. The reasons for this change were the publication of Esterhazy's letters, the discovery of the Henry forgery, the inquiry of the Court of Cassation, and Esterhazy's confession. "It is a great relief to my conscience," M. Charavay added, "to be able to say before you, and before him who is the victim of my mistake, that the *bordereau* is not the work of Dreyfus, but of Esterhazy."

❀

Captain Freystaetter

Perhaps the most interesting testimony of the entire trial was that given by Captain Freystaetter on Saturday of last week; at all events, his evidence is equaled in importance only by Colonel Picquart's. Captain Freystaetter has as brilliant a military record as has any French officer. He was a member of the 1894 court martial. Two years ago his conscience compelled him to disclose the fact that Dreyfus had been condemned not only by secret but also by illegal evidence. The witness declared that the proofs of the condemnation were to be found in the *bordereau* and in four secret pieces sent to the court by General Mercier. Colonel Maurel, the President of the 1894 court martial, had previously admitted to the present court martial that he had read one, but only one, of the secret documents sent by General Mercier to the 1894 prosecution, and withheld from the defense. Maître Labori, therefore, called upon Colonel Jouaust to have Colonel Maurel confront Captain Freystaetter. On this Colonel Maurel repeated, with evident embarrassment, that he had only looked at one document, but, he added, "I did not say that only one piece was read. I admit, after what Captain

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THE DREYFUS TRIAL—SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM.

From the "Tribuna Illustrata" of Rome.

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Freystaetter says, that other documents may have been produced." Freystaetter replied: "Not only did I see them, but I assert that Colonel Maurel had them in his hands. And, what is more, I assert that he made a commentary on each document as it passed through his hands." Maurel haltingly replied that he did not remember, and refused to say more. Freystaetter added that he had written Maurel a letter recalling the scene at the secret sessions of the court martial of 1894, and announcing his intention of telling the truth, as he was now doing. Maurel acknowledged this with a nod, but still refused to say anything more. The admission of prevarication on the part of the President of the court martial of 1894 made the Freystaetter testimony of extremest pertinence, a pertinence increased when the witness confronted General Mercier. The former had said that a despatch from a foreign attaché, reporting the arrest of Dreyfus, had been communicated to the judges of the 1894 court martial, and that this despatch was a forgery. It was an erroneous translation of the Panizzardi despatch, and those who communicated it knew it to be erroneous, for at that date they possessed a correct translation. As no contradiction had been offered to Freystaetter's statement, and as Mercier had previously testified to having given an order that the telegram should not be communicated, and, further, that his order had been carried out, Maître Labori asked the President of the court to demand an explanation from Mercier. The latter denied Freystaetter's declaration that the Panizzardi despatch was in the *dossier*, shouting, "It's a lie," possibly forgetting that Freystaetter's evidence had been admitted by Colonel Maurel. To this Freystaetter replied: "I swear that what I have said is true. And I remember not merely the despatch, but I have a vivid recollection of the fact that the first words were, 'Dreyfus is arrested. Emissary warned.'"

❀

The Court Regarding the probable verdict on Dreyfus, an impression has gained ground that the judges are prejudiced against him. This would not be unnatural—indeed, the testimony of General Roget, for instance, made a visibly profound effect on them. The vehemence of Roget's deposition, however, can be explained by his undoubted realization that he and his brother generals are quite as much on trial as is Dreyfus. The testimony of the Generals must needs be received by the members of the court with due deference. All of those members are graduates of the Military Polytechnic School, and from their early youth their respect for military convention and traditional discipline is nothing less than religious. The Generals occupy a higher military rank than the judges, and overawe them. Hence the judges are constantly subject to an illegitimate army pressure. There are seven members in the court. According to law a court martial has a Colonel as its President when the prisoner is a Captain, and two members are of the same rank as the accused. It is not necessary that the verdict be unanimous. Hardly any legal evidence against Dreyfus has been adduced bearing upon the real question before the court; indeed, Lord Russell, Chief Justice of England, is quoted as saying that there has been no testimony in support of the charge against Dreyfus that would warrant an English magistrate in holding him for a regular trial. The one specific question is: Did Dreyfus communicate to a foreign government the facts mentioned in the *bordereau*? The Court of Cassation, the Supreme Court of France, has already established the fact that the conviction of Dreyfus in 1894 was illegal. It has directed the present court martial to obtain evidence bearing on the question before it, but for three weeks the court martial has heard evidence bearing upon the entire subject. Perhaps this implied disdain of the Court of Cassation results partly from the repeated demand of the Dreyfusards to probe the justice of their cause to the bottom, but more likely it is due to the vanity and obstinacy, if not terror, of the guilty creatures of the General Staff. The reiteration of hearsay or presumption from them is not evidence, and the only evidence, except that mentioned in our first paragraph, worth considering has been that contained in the received renderings of the Schneider and Panizzardi despatches. Both of these renderings are now shown to be forgeries. Indeed, the Schneider despatch was the eleventh forged docu-

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ment which the prosecution has produced as evidence.

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The Transvaal Last week a Blue Book relating to the proposed Transvaal reforms was published by the British Government. It opens with a despatch from Sir Alfred Milner suggesting arbitration of the varying interpretations of the Anglo-Dutch Conventions of 1881 and 1884. Sir Alfred, though reiterating his favorable opinion as to limited arbitration in certain circumstances after the Outlanders' grievances had been redressed, declares that the scheme of reform put forth by the Transvaal Government is absolutely unacceptable. On July 1 Mr. Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary, cabled that the Government would not accept the Transvaal proposal, but toward the end of the month proposed an inquiry into the new Transvaal reformed franchise law. In this proposal he declared that under no circumstances would the British Government admit the intervention of a foreign power regarding the interpretation of the Conventions. He added that, if the Transvaal would agree to the exclusion of the foreign element, he was willing to consider how and by what methods such a question of interpretation could be decided by some judicial authority, the independence and partiality of which would be beyond suspicion. On the last day of July Mr. Chamberlain invited President Kruger to appoint delegates to inquire into the franchise law, adding that, if an inquiry took place, the British delegates would be instructed to press for an early report. Sir Alfred Milner also informed President Kruger that, while the inquiry must be confined to the political representation of the Outlanders, he, as British Commissioner, was prepared to discuss, not only the franchise, but also other matters. In support of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, as disclosed by the Blue Book, the London papers are practically unanimous. The "Standard" voices the general opinion:

> Nobody in England wants war, and the Government is doing all it can to avoid a rupture. Still less do we want the Transvaal itself. Apart from its gold reefs its territory is almost worthless. Its mines will probably be exhausted in half a century. We do not desire the Boers as fellow-subjects. We do not want another Ireland. It is merely common political justice that the Government is determined to obtain.

On Saturday of last week Mr. Chamberlain, addressing an audience at Highbury, said:

> The knot must be loosened or we will have to find other ways of untying it. If we are forced to that, then we will not hold ourselves limited by what we have already offered, but, having taken the matter in hand, we will not let go until we have secured the conditions which establish our paramount power in South Africa and secure to our fellow-subjects the equal rights and privileges promised by President Kruger.

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The Prussian Cabinet Crisis The German Emperor and King of Prussia has declined to receive the resignation of the Prussian Cabinet, which was due to the Prussian Landtag's adverse vote to the Government on the two Canal bills, which had been introduced into that body as coming from the Emperor himself. A change of Cabinet, however, would hardly mark the importance of that adverse vote much more clearly; no Prussian needs such an event to emphasize the fact that, for the first time since the Franco-German war, the Agrarian Conservatives, generally fervent supporters of the monarchy, have openly defied a mandate of their sovereign. For the moment the Socialists have joined hands with the Agrarians "in upholding the principles of constitutional right." It is not impossible that the Emperor may dissolve the Diet, but he must know that such an event might bring about the encountering by his Government of a considerably increased opposition, the Agrarians, or Junkers, hitherto having been invariably on his side. Germans who are not Prussians are taking a special interest in the matter because of the fact that the Prussian Prime Minister, Prince von Hohenlohe, is also the Imperial German Chancellor. It is rumored that Prince von Hohenlohe wishes to resign both offices if his resignation of one be accepted. His services to Germany during the term of his Chancellorship, since 1894, have been not inconsiderable, and there is a natural dread among Germans at making further changes in the personnel of the Government during the reign of the present Emperor. Nevertheless, his subjects have been getting

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accustomed to many and rapid changes—a contrast to the order of things during preceding reigns.

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The Situation in the Philippines

An obviously necessary preliminary to a decision as to what should be our future course in the Philippines is a full understanding of the actual situation there. A very clear statement on this point has just been made by the special correspondent of "Harper's Weekly," Mr. John F. Bass. Mr. Bass has military as well as newspaper experience, and favors the energetic pushing of the military campaign to an end. Of General Otis, Mr. Bass writes that he is "the impersonation of industry," that he directs the minutest details, approves the smallest bills, forms personally the plans for everything done. This indefatigable industry, however, the correspondent implies, is a source of weakness, for General Otis works in an office, has never been out on the lines, has never seen a fight or a skirmish, and other officers assert that it is impossible for the general-in-chief under these conditions to make intelligent plans. Mr. Bass then states the limits of our military lines. Although he writes in June, and the subsequent advances to Angeles on the north and to Imus on the south have increased the extent of our lines, the difference is not a very material one. He points out that on last Decoration Day the insurgents were still within three miles of the city on the south, and that the graves of American soldiers buried near Camp Dewey could not be decorated because the ground was held by the insurgents; that we control only a small part of Laguna de Bay, and that "out of one hundred and twenty-three miles of railroad from Manila to Dagupan, we hold only thirty-nine miles, or less than one-third" (to this must now be added a few miles reaching to Angeles); that the land along the railroad and at its east held by the insurgents is very fertile, and furnishes supplies to their army in abundance; that no effort has been made to land troops at Dagupan to attack the insurgents along the railroad upon two sides, as Mr. Bass thinks could be done. He states positively and without qualification that "the whole population of the islands sympathizes with the insurgents; only those natives whose immediate self-interest requires it are friendly to us. The insurgent army is in no way ready to give in, and its policy of retreating is the one best adapted to the accomplishment of its ends." Mr. Bass makes many criticisms on the equipment of the army, and states that there were five thousand men in the general hospital when he writes—sixteen per cent. of the whole army—a large part of whom are broken down by over-exertion made necessary by bad planning. He asserts that the real figures as to the numbers of men in hospital have been suppressed. He holds, in common with the opinions expressed by General King and other experienced officers, that one hundred thousand men are needed to carry out a systematic plan for occupying the territory. This correspondent is most strongly impressed with the belief that the plans and methods adopted for crushing the enemy have varied frequently, and urges the adoption of a definite and continuous plan. He says unreservedly that "the American outlook is blacker now [June 12] than it has been since the beginning of the war." We give these criticisms, not as final or as being necessarily correct in every particular, but as embodying the observations of one of the best correspondents on the spot, and as a contribution toward the complete understanding of the situation, which, as we have said, is the prime requisite to the forming of an intelligent policy for the future.

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Another View

An equally grave view is taken in a letter from the Manila correspondent of the New York "Tribune"—a letter which has been forwarded through San Francisco by mail, evidently to avoid the censor's supervision. As the New York "Tribune" certainly cannot be suspected of anti-expansion tendencies, the letter has the more weight. This correspondent, writing under date of July 22, says:

> In Manila talk of the ending of the war deals no longer with weeks, but with months and even years. Among the mass of people here, military men and foreign residents, there is only one opinion. The whole effort of the insurgents for three months was to hold off the Americans until their ally, the rains, came. In this they have been as successful as they

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could have hoped. Unless affairs take some unforeseen turn, the Filipinos will resume the war this fall with fresh spirit and a replenished stock of arms and ammunition.

He states also that the leaders of the insurgents have no lack of money, that they control the resources of a large and exceedingly rich country, that they are levying tribute on ships entering several ports, and that the leaders are enriching themselves personally by this tribute money, "excepting Aguinaldo, who is generally acquitted of enriching himself by the present war." He asserts also that the Filipino soldiers are tolerably contented, although they receive pay rarely. They require very light rations, and live in camp as well as they are accustomed to at home in peace. The statement that the insurgents are on the verge of disruption the "Tribune's" correspondent considers improbable, in view of the fact that, although General Otis has offered thirty dollars for each insurgent rifle surrendered, he has received less than one hundred guns. The assassination of General Luna has, he thinks, left Aguinaldo undisputed leadership, and put at least a temporary end to dissensions among the leaders. The difference of opinion in this country as to the treatment of the Filipinos has, he also declares, greatly encouraged the insurgents, and "they profess to imagine that Congress will declare against annexation."

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Race Problems in the Philippines

Official reports confirm the news that a treaty (or treaty-like agreement) has been made with the Mohammedan Sultan of the Sulu (or Jolo) Islands by General Bates, acting for the United States. General Otis thus succinctly outlines its provisions: "Sovereignty United States over entire Jolo Archipelago acknowledged; its flag to fly on land and sea. United States to occupy and control all points deemed necessary. Introducing firearms prohibited. Sultan to assist in suppressing piracy. Agrees to deliver criminals accused of crime not committed by Moros against Moros." Press despatches add that the "pension" of about $4,000 paid to the Sultan by Spain will be continued by the United States, and that General Bates considers that the $10,000 (Mexican) he took with him has been well expended—apparently as a "douceur" to conquer the Sultan's pride, which revolted against using the American flag in his journeys abroad. Thus the United States formally receives an admission of its sovereignty over a large body of Mohammedan Moros, of a fierce and warlike race, somewhat given to piracy, but not disposed to resent the supreme rule of another race, provided a pretty free rein in local and internal affairs is left to their own tribal government. That a new and peculiar race question will be implied in the Sulu Island occupation seems certain. Another race question of the future is suggested in the news that Chinese immigration into the Philippines has been barred out by General Otis. The Washington authorities say that this is not because of the exclusion law in the United States, but is a military measure. Just what is meant by this does not appear, unless it be that it is hoped by the action to conciliate to some extent the Filipino laborers, who share the California prejudice against Chinese cheap labor.

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A German View

The general subject of race questions in the Philippines has lately been made the subject of an extended article by the German *savant* Ferdinand Blumentritte, a translation of which appears in the "Popular Science Monthly." Professor Blumentritte calls the Malays "colored" people, and thinks that one great cause of the hatred of Spain by the Filipinos was that the great Malay population was looked upon by Spaniards much as the negroes are by the majority of whites in this country. The formation of the Philippine Republic, as he calls it, is spoken of as "pre-eminently the work of Christian, civilized Malays and mestizo," because the Indians and negroes "have not the inclination toward civilization or that capacity for assimilation that is evident in the colored population of the Philippine Islands; the latter are shown, in point of literacy, to be superior to the Spanish residents of the Philippines." Despite this fact, as we all know, they were continually treated with scorn and abuse by the Spanish press and the Spanish officials. This, Professor Blumentritte says, has been building up a reaction against white rule for twenty years, and

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the hatred thus formed has been in a great measure transferred to the Americans. The final conclusion drawn by Herr Blumentritte may not be justified by his preliminary argument, but it is worth quoting as the opinion of a man who appears to be governed purely by scientific reasons in forming his conclusion. He says: "The European and American whites have not made a good impression on the colored Filipinos, and the Philippine creoles feel as one with their colored brethren; there is no spirit of caste in the matter like that which existed in the old colonial times, but they all call themselves simply Filipinos, and the rule of the American Anglo-Saxons, who regard even the creoles as a kind of 'niggers,' would be looked upon by educated Filipinos of all castes as a supreme loss of civic rights."

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The Political Conventions

The Pennsylvania Republicans and the Nebraska Fusionists met last week to nominate the State judges and minor officials to be voted for this fall. In Pennsylvania the greatest interest centered in the adoption of a plank expressing the gratitude of the Republican party to ex-Senator Quay and indorsing Governor Stone's action in appointing him to the vacant seat in the Senate. Senator Flinn, the political leader of the "insurgents," opposed this plank, declaring that forty per cent. of the Republicans in Pennsylvania favored a change in their State's representative. The Convention, however, to which Mr. Quay was himself a delegate, was emphatically a Quay body, and adopted the platform by a vote of 192 to 49. In regard to National policies the Convention congratulated the country upon the prosperity attending "the establishment of a sound currency" and "the securing of proper protection to business industries," strongly favored the renomination of President McKinley, eulogized the conduct of the war with Spain, pledged the President "faithful support in the prosecution of the war in the Philippines," and cordially indorsed the acquiring of "new markets abroad." "We have ceased," said the platform, "to be content with supplying products for home consumption alone. We must keep pace with other nations in seeking new fields for our commerce, and to this end we support the policy of industrial, commercial, and national expansion." The Fusion Conventions in Nebraska were completely dominated by Mr. Bryan, and the predicted disagreements between Democrats, Populists, and Silver Republicans did not show themselves. Ex-Governor Holcomb, the Populist candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, was nominated by acclamation, and each of the minor parties was allowed to select a candidate for Regent of the State University. The platform adopted by the three Conventions indorsed the Chicago platform, and declared that events since 1896 had shown not only the impossibility of securing bimetallism through international agreement, but also the benefits of an expansion of the currency. Not less prominent, however, were the planks condemning the "war for conquest" in the Philippines, and demanding that the Filipinos should, like the Cubans, be promised "independence as soon as a stable government shall be established, and protection from outside interference." The Philippine question is expected to be uppermost in the approaching campaign.

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Concurrent Primaries

The plan of "concurrent" primaries has already passed from the field of speculation to that of experiment. The recent primaries in San Francisco to elect Republican and Democratic candidates for Mayor were held on the same day and in the same booths. The results were most satisfactory. The Democrats renominated Mayor Phelan, who has with exceptional courage fought the machine representing the worst element in his party; and the Republicans selected a candidate possessing in a high degree the public confidence. These results were especially important because of the large powers lodged in the Mayor under the new charter. In Ohio also, where a reform primary law has been demanded for several years, the plan of concurrent primaries has been put to the test. In the spring of last year, Mr. J. S. Glenn, of Columbus, writes us, the local Republican and Democratic committees were persuaded to hold an unimportant primary jointly, and the legislative committees on primary

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elections were invited to examine the workings of the plan. In describing the experiment Mr. Glenn says:

> There were to be elected a police judge, three magistrates, and four constables, besides ward officers. The set of Democratic judges worked by the side of their Republican colleagues with the best of feeling. As the voter stepped into the booth he gave his name, and the party poll-book which contained it showed with what party organization he regularly affiliated. On the ticket given him appeared the names of all the candidates of both parties. The voter stepped into an inclosure and marked his choice in secret—the judge of his party casting the ballot in the party box. . . . The plan was found to work like a charm. The results showed a saving of $500 by holding the primaries conjointly instead of the usual way. This curtailment of the expenses consisted of reduced printing bills, single hire of police guardians, the renting for a single time of 88 polling-places, etc. Members of one party could not vote for candidates on the other party's ticket, and there was public confidence in the fairness of the vote and of the count.

The new plan was received in an unfriendly spirit by ward politicians, and was somewhat criticised because of its exclusion of independents from the privilege of voting; but the verdict of the public, and also of the legislative committees, was in its favor. The continuance of the agitation in Ohio, the adoption of concurrent primaries in Minneapolis, and their recent success in San Francisco, all seem to promise that in the near future nomination day may rank with election day. Certainly the choice of party candidates is often more important than the choice between them.

❀

New York's Water Supply

The bold attempt of a private company to get control of the future water supply of New York was thwarted when its projectors were compelled to stand the ordeal of two weeks' public criticism of their plan. The public indignation was next to universal, and one of the courts has enjoined the Water Department officials from making the proposed contract on the ground that the new charter plainly contemplates public control of undertakings of this sort. Meanwhile the last report of the Water Department itself has been published, showing that the present water supply of New York City is more than double the maximum consumption—680,000,000 gallons flowing over Croton dam daily, while the maximum consumption of the city was 285,000,000 gallons. As to Brooklyn, the "Engineering News" brings out a fact of hardly less importance. When Commissioner Alfred T. White four years ago estimated the cost of securing additional water from the Ramapo district, the engineer's estimate was sixteen dollars per million gallons to bring it clear to the Brooklyn reservoirs, yet the nearly ratified contract with the Ramapo Company specified the rate of seventy dollars per million gallons for water delivered on the northern boundary of New York, leaving the city to bear the expense of carrying it under the East River to Brooklyn. In speaking of the political side of the proposed contract, this engineering journal notes that only nine of the fifty largest cities in the country still permit the private ownership of their water systems, and that of these nine, New Orleans, San Francisco, Denver, and Omaha are either considering or have already decided upon the change to public ownership. In a great city a pure and abundant water supply is among the first of public necessities, and there is a perpetual and corrupting conflict between public and private interests until public ownership has been established.

❀

Water Rates in Detroit

Governor Pingree's long struggle for "free water" in the city of Detroit seems to have ended in a substantial victory, unless the courts interfere against him. He began the agitation, it will be recalled, almost the first year of his mayoralty, and before the close of his often extended term had his proposition indorsed by about sixty per cent. of those voting when the matter was submitted at a city election. The vote was in nowise mandatory, and no important action seems to have been taken until the last Legislature passed a bill to go into effect on July 1, 1900. This bill—as outlined in the "Engineering News"—accepts the principle of "free water" for all household uses and also for the washrooms and closets in business houses. When, however, water is used for distinctly business purposes—as it is in large quantities in saloons and in factories—a local "board

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for fixing rates" may make such charges as they think will pay the operating expenses involved. The remainder of the expenses of the water department will fall on the general tax levy, except that extensions of water mains must be paid for by the owners of abutting land—just as street and sewer extensions are paid for in most cities. Heretofore, owners of vacant land have had their property improved at the expense of the water consumers. Apparently the new law aims to levy a just tax upon the owners of buildings protected against fire and of vacant land enhanced in value by the water system almost as much as it aims to increase public comfort and cleanliness.

❀

Sunday Work in Massachusetts

In response to an act of the Legislature a year ago, the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics has made a careful inquiry into the amount of Sunday labor now performed in the Commonwealth. It finds that of 1,075,000 persons engaged in gainful occupations, probably 150,000 are expected to labor on Sunday. Of these about two-thirds are engaged in domestic service, in which the conscience of mistresses often secures servants a free half-day on Sunday, accompanied by a free half-day during the week. The immense amount of Sunday work performed by women for their own households is, of course, unrecorded. The manufactories of the State, which employ one-half of the working population, perform practically no Sunday work whatever. Mercantile business makes almost as good a showing. It is only in news and transportation service that the proportion of men employed on Sundays is large or increasing. The newspaper offices canvassed report that of the 1,429 persons employed by them 811 work on Sundays—though generally for shorter hours. The telephone and telegraph companies report that their working force is 443 on Sundays, as against 2,185 on week-days. The express companies employ 305 persons on Sunday, as against 1,778 during the week. The railroad and street railroad companies, however, perform the great body of the Sunday work that has recently grown up. Not until 1881, says the Springfield "Republican," did the Massachusetts Legislature permit the Railway Commission to license the running of such Sunday trains as the public convenience demanded, including excursion trains at lower than the regular rates. Since that time there has been a gradual extension of the Sunday service. On the steam railroads the average number of persons employed on Sundays is now 6,718, as against 27,480 on week-days; and on the street railways it is 8,282 on Sundays, as against only 10,326 during the week. On the street railways nine hours generally constitute a day's work on Sundays, as against ten on week-days, but there is no regular rest-day for the men who do Sunday work, and one can be obtained only, with loss of pay, on application to the management. This is certainly a wrong. The Legislature that permits Sunday work should stipulate that employees shall have one free day in every seven. It is unfortunate that the present report intimates that employees prefer a week-day for rest. If this be true, it is impossible to account for the trades-union agitation against Sunday work.

❀

Chino-American Commerce

Whether we will or no, our commerce has entered upon a new phase of its existence. It is no longer enough that it be sufficient for its own needs; it must now be sufficient for the needs which have come to it.

In their recent books on China, Mr. Colquhoun and Lord Charles Beresford show how seriously both British and American commerce are menaced by the closing up of part of China through now acknowledged foreign spheres of influence, such as Russia's in Manchuria and Shinking. Since their books were written, however, the welcome announcement has come that, though Port Arthur must be an exclusively Russian port, Talienwan will be opened on equal terms to the commerce of all nations. While this is a gratifying exception to Russia's general policy, it cannot be taken as indicating anything but her interest in keeping one port open to our railway machinery and material, which she is using exclusively in building her great Trans-Siberian railway through

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Manchuria and along the Amur to the completed portion from the west, which now reaches Lake Baikal. The entire railway completed and railway supply factories erected, Russia is quite likely again to close Talienwan to foreign trade. The recent history of the only other important Manchurian port, Niuchang (where within five years American imports have risen from fifteen to fifty per cent. of the total), shows that Russia is beginning to defy treaty rights there.

We cannot help being more and more alive to those rights in China when we regard the continually increasing importance of our trade with that country. It is not only a rapidly growing trade; it is a unique trade. In the column of gains made by non-Asiatic countries in their last year's commerce with China over that of previous years, we stand alone. Nor is ours merely a gain where all others lose; it is a gain even greater than the loss sustained by Great Britain, the largest trader in the Orient. In one department, however, this transfer is specially impressive: no longer does Manchester compete with us in the export of cottons to China; we now have the lion's share. While in recent years our rival's interest has declined fourteen per cent., ours has increased over a hundred and twenty per cent., and cotton forms two-fifths of China's entire import trade. As to our entire export trade to China, it has increased, according to Mr. Colquhoun, one hundred and twenty-six per cent. in ten years. It is already twice as large as the German export trade to that country. Mr. Fowler, our Consul at Chifu, reports that at least three-fifths of the greatly increased imports into China during the past two years are due to the purchases from the United States. Last year's Chinese foreign trade was valued at between two hundred and fifty and three hundred million dollars. It has doubled during the past decade.

The specific demands from China for American products include flour and breadstuffs; raw and manufactured cotton; oil, timber, leather, paper, iron and steel products; machinery and hardware; locomotives, cars, and rails; sewing-machines, clocks, and watches; telephone and telegraph supplies; electric railways and lights; chemicals and medicines. If the maintenance of this trade were merely a sectional issue, there might be a question as to the advisability of our making a strong stand, says Mr. Barrett (formerly our Minister to Siam) in the latest "North American Review"). The fact is, however, that China affords a market to arouse the interest of every section of our country. All the flour and timber, and a large portion of other kinds of food and raw products, which the Pacific States can supply are wanted by China, which needs also the manufactured cotton, iron, steel, and miscellaneous products of the North and East, together with vast quantities of petroleum; "and there is no reason why a demand should not be developed for the Central West's great staple, maize, such as there has been created for flour." Mr. Barrett calls special attention to the declaration by some of our consuls and trade experts a few years ago that wheat flour would never be accepted in large quantities by the Chinese. The exporters of California and Oregon were advised not to try to build up a market. Yet the development of our flour trade with China is even more remarkable than that already reported for cotton. During the past decade the shipments, for instance, from Portland, Oregon, to Hong-Kong have increased sixteen hundred per cent. Mr. Barrett acutely says that the most remarkable result of the Spanish war has been in our becoming the paramount Power of the Pacific. We have assumed an unavoidable responsibility, not only in occupying the Philippine Islands, but also in our attitude toward China. Commercially our opportunities in China are greater than they ever will be in the Philippines, he declares; therefore, while we are setting matters right in our new possessions, we must not allow them to retrograde where our old-established treaties are being stretched by China's neighbors. We cannot go to war to prevent Chinese disintegration, but if we see that an ultimate and definite break-up there is inevitable, we must leave no stone unturned to preserve old treaty rights in a new form with the new Powers in control.

To the importance of taking as energetic a stand as possible in preserving our rapidly increasing interests in China, Dr. Schurman, President of our Philippine Commission, is the latest witness. He has just arrived in this country after spend-

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ing six months in the Orient. The great question there, so newspaper interviews report him as saying, is that of China:

> Both Englishmen and Japanese see the necessity of maintaining China intact, but it is feared, now that Russia has taken Manchuria, that it will try to encroach gradually on some of the other eighteen provinces of China, and when it gets them it will do as that country has done hitherto—put a duty on all foreign goods. Englishmen and Japanese feel that America should stand with them in preventing the dismemberment of China. . . . China should maintain its independent position, but its doors should be kept open. It means much to England and Japan and not less to America. There is a hope in the Orient among reading men that China itself may become aroused so that it may itself hold its domain intact. But it is not yet sufficiently awakened. That is the sad phase of it. The Chinese are a patient, industrious people. They can live in any climate, away in the arctic or far south in the tropics. They can make money anywhere. Such a race, it is felt, ought to arouse itself in this dilemma.

The policy of preserving China intact seems now a belated one, in view of the fact that Russia is absorbing the northern provinces, Germany an eastern province, France the extreme south, and even the British Government's representative in the House of Commons is silent on the "independence of the Government at Peking." These facts, however, only demand closer attention to our commercial outlook. We believe, in the words of the writer of an article in the August "Atlantic Monthly," that, secure in a splendid isolation, and confident in the permanent sufficiency of our domestic market, we have too often regarded the Oriental problem as academic, and its solution as immaterial to our welfare. Admiral Dewey's guns, however, stirred us to a keen sense both of our needs and of our responsibilities. Our advent to "a seat in the court martial of Powers which is trying the case of China" may or may not change the verdict of the majority in favor of summary decapitation and dissection. At all events, that advent means a protest against spheres of influence which endanger our treaty rights—it has had success already in inducing the tardy opening to foreign trade of Kiaochau by Germany, and of Talienwan by Russia; but it must not lead us into further complications than those which may attend that insistence.

Another result is one which may and should affect us nearer home—the realization of the fact that we are demanding ultra protection here, but free trade abroad.

Metaphysical Healing

A correspondent in another column makes as strong a case as, in our judgment, can be made for the doctrine that Christian Scientists should be allowed by the State to practice their healing art on the hypothesis that disease is only a mortal thought and can be cured by thinking. The question thus raised is a large one, and involves the whole problem of the relation of law to liberty.

In most modern communities the principle is recognized that the State has a right to regulate all employments which, for any reason, involve a hazard to the community. On this principle the State, at least in many cases, regulates the sale of dynamite, gunpowder, poisons, and alcoholic liquors; on this principle it forbids men to practice law or medicine, to put up drugs for the sick, or to act as pilots or engineers, without previous special education and training, attested by an official examination. In our judgment, these prohibiting provisions might well be extended to plumbers and motormen, perhaps to other employments. We see no reason why Christian Scientists should claim exemption from this general principle of law.

In New York State, to practice the healing art a course of special instruction is required by law, which necessitates ordinarily three years at the least. The curriculum in the Christian Science College, when there was one, lasted three weeks, and involved twelve lessons of one half-day each. Mrs. Eddy informed the public that "persons contemplating a course at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College can prepare for it through no books except the Bible and 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures.'" Ought the State to allow any one to set up as a healer on the basis of twelve lessons, occupying three months, and embracing only two books? We reply unhesitatingly in the negative.

Suppose a Mormon were to set up as a pilot, claim divine guidance, and insist on his right to take steamships in and out of New York Harbor on the strength of

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his proficiency in the Book of Mormon, would it be a violation of the liberty of the individual to prohibit him, and to put him in jail if he persisted? Yet the danger to the community from incompetent pilotage of an ocean steamer would not be so great as the peril from incompetent treatment of certain contagious diseases. Nor does this beg the question of assuming that Christian Science is incompetent treatment. We do not assume that it is incompetent; we assume that the community has a right to determine whether it is competent or not.

Nor does this position deny the right of a Christian Scientist to go without a doctor, or even to avail himself of a mental healer. It denies the right of the mental healer to practice his mental healing as a profession, for pay. And it is idle to assume, as is sometimes done, that the mental healers do not practice mental healing for pay. Mrs. Eddy tells us that pay is itself a help in the healing. "Christian Science," she says, "demonstrates that the patient who pays whatever he is able to pay for being healed is more apt to recover than he who withholds a slight equivalent for health." The healer prescribes no drug for the patient, but he prescribes a fee for himself.

Nor does the fact that the mental healer prescribes no drug take him out of the category of professional physicians. The practice of medicine does not consist in the prescription of drugs. In many cases no drugs are prescribed. The practice of medicine consists in a knowledge of the body and the laws which regulate the functions, and of such counsel to the patient based on that knowledge as will enable him to comply with those laws. Sometimes it involves prescription of medicine to aid; sometimes it consists wholly of advice what food to eat and what bodily habits to maintain. Any one who undertakes for pay to heal disease is a medical practitioner, whether he administers drugs or not, whether he calls himself allopath, homeopath, eclectic, or mental healer, whether he calls the trouble which he is called in to remedy a disease or a mortal thought.

We hold, then, that the State has a right and a duty to determine, by such tests as it chooses to prescribe, who is competent to practice the healing art, and that mental healers ought not to be permitted to practice mental healing as a profession and for pay until they can persuade the community that disease is a mortal thought and that it is an adequate remedy to pay the healer's fee and think unmortal thoughts. Even then such mental practitioners should be required to pursue such courses of study and submit to such tests as the community chooses to prescribe.

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Valets and Heroes

Goethe's famous interpretation of that cheap proverb, "No man is a hero to his valet," is so familiar that it is almost safe to take it for granted that every one knows it; but the truth in that interpretation is so profound that, like all other great commonplaces, it ought to have endless repetition. No man is a hero to his valet, said Goethe, because it takes a hero to recognize a hero. In other words, the man with the spirit of a valet finds the valet in all his associates; the man with the spirit of a hero finds a touch of heroism in his fellows. Most of the judgments of men and women which are uttered in conversation are worthless as estimates of character; their only value lies in the light which they throw upon the temper and point of view of the would-be judges. The wise man never accepts the judgment of other people about his fellows, except in those very rare cases in which he finds a man or woman of distinctly judicial temper directed by large intelligence. The wrongs inflicted by inadequate and misleading judgments are frightful when one stops to think of them. In every community there are men and women who are totally misunderstood by their neighbors because some energetic and voluble person has formed and conveyed to the community a misleading impression in regard to them. When one remembers how the estimate of a character affixes itself to that character and becomes accepted as a standard judgment, it is amazing with what carelessness such opinions are expressed. The lack of care on the part of some people in passing judgment upon their fellows is so great that it amounts practically to unscrupulousness.

No one should ever express an opinion about another unless he is willing to put

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his name to it, and to have it accepted by the community as a final judgment based upon full knowledge of all the facts. If voluble men and women would take this attitude, the easy-going judgments which pass current in familiar conversation would cease to be heard. It is well to remember also that a man not only stands in a position of the greatest responsibility to his neighbor when he passes judgment upon him, but that he also reveals his own spirit and his own standards to any one who is keen enough to detect them. A man whose judgments are generous must have a certain generosity of nature; a man who finds the world full of mean people is himself a mean soul. Society, as Goethe suggested, for the valet is made up of valets, and for the hero, of heroes. Life is great or little as we look at it; men and women are ignoble or noble according to our own inward nature. There are two elements in every human life, two possibilities in every human career. The wise man will not shut his eyes to the two sides of life; but if he is himself rooted and grounded in kindness, good intention, and generosity, he will be certain to find a preponderance of these qualities in those about him. Our judgments of others afford a capital test of our own condition. If we find ourselves growing censorious, it is time to take account of our spiritual circumstances, and to ask whether we are not in need of some kind of spiritual remedy; the sick man never sees anything straight or whole. When things are thrown out of perspective, and men and women begin to look morally distorted, there is some trouble with the observer, and he will do well to consult a physician. The man who sells himself believes that every one has his price; the incorruptible man knows there are some who cannot be bought.

And even if the incorruptible man were mistaken, his attitude is eminently sounder and nobler than that of his ignoble fellow-judge; for men and women tend to become what we believe them to be. Treat a man with profound respect, make him feel that you trust him, and you give him co-operation of immense immediate force to become what he knows you think he is; distrust a man, and make him feel that you distrust him, and you do all in your power to make him worthy of your distrust. Society is lifted up, not only by effort, but by faith. To believe in men is the first step toward helping them; and this suggests the permanent limitation of the pessimist—the man who not only believes that the conditions of men are bad, but that they cannot be made better. It is always well to see the worst and believe in working for the best; for this attitude combines clear knowledge with healing power.

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The Spectator

One of the most delightful things about a midsummer vacation to most busy men is the feeling that they have earned the right to be lazy for a while. To be idle with a good conscience is one of the most satisfying of earthly experiences. To lean o'er rustic stiles and watch other men working in the fields, and yet not feel conscience-smitten for being an idler, inclines one to be at peace with the universe; to lie outstretched under a spreading tree listening to the musical gurgling of a brook over a stony bed, and feel that one is not obliged to find either books in the running brook or sermons in the stones, is good for both body and mind. A vacation that is a vacation, the Spectator thinks, is one in which a man resolves simply to have a good time, without trying to evolve schemes for workaday success, or to store impressions, or to bottle up pigments for "local color," but just to enjoy himself in a harmless way, taking no anxious thought for the morrow, or for to-day or yesterday either. Perhaps this is, after all, one of the most fruitful ways of spending an outing. The mystic would call it "letting the breezes of the infinite blow through the soul;" the practical man would call it letting the soil of the mind lie fallow; in either case the method brings refreshment and new power to the man.

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The Spectator has friends who do not approve of this plan, and who take along on their vacation journeys a lot of books for "summer reading;" but the Spectator is so willing to cut loose from this sort of thing that he hardly opens even a newspaper while on his outing. It is surprising how easily one can break off the newspaper habit if he sets himself resolutely

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about it. The news has a different flavor, anyway, when one is away from home; somehow the crimes seem horrible and not fascinating when one sees them presented in unfamiliar headlines and against a background of green trees; and the great events which would arouse one's eager curiosity when at home are seen indifferently and as through a glass, darkly, when he is at the seashore and wearing his smoked spectacles to save his eyes from the glare. The Spectator has been perfectly delighted to see how readily he could turn from printed pages to men and women and sky and shore and wayside flowers, and forget to think, and just be happy in living.

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But though he took no notes and registered no "impressions," the writing habit is strong in the Spectator, and now that he is in the harness again he is tempted to condense some of his nebulous memories into a drop of printer's ink—if printer's ink comes in drops—the Spectator isn't quite sure. One thought that came naturally to the Spectator during one of his excursions was of the delightfully interesting way in which history's panorama unfolds itself to those who wait till the panorama is painted and then look back. Life is so much more entertaining because we haven't all of us the gift of prophecy, and cannot see ahead! If we could, there would be no pleasant surprises. And then we wouldn't believe our second-sight if we had it. It would seem too incredible. The Iroquois Indians who a few hundred years ago had undisputed possession of the beautiful valley which afterward became the scene of the Battle of Saratoga could not have believed, the Spectator thought as he drove over the battlefield, that their hunting-grounds would in a few years utterly pass away from them, and become the scene of a great contest that was to decide "American" destiny—a destiny in which they, the original Americans, were to have almost no part; and the few thousand heroic patriots who there paved the way for a free continent could as little have credited the wondrous changes of our century, or realized that a great gay summer city would spring up near to their battlefield, from which pilgrimages would be made to their monument with its forever-to-be-unfilled niche for one of the bravest of their leaders, who was yet to be known as the basest of Americans. And if our eyes were opened to another century, would they not see just as strange and unrealizable transformations? How interesting it all is, and will be!

❀

The Spectator passed a few days in another place where the lesson that the old order changes was also most impressive. Ichabod!—the glory has departed—would perhaps be the name with which the survivors of the *ancien régime* of Nantucket would like to rechristen the island. They love to tell of the brave days of old, when Nantucket's ships were on every sea, when the flourishing port had more inhabitants than the city of Brooklyn of that time, when the old houses were full of treasures brought from every land, the spoil of her roving captains, and when the great intellectual lights of the Nation were proud to be called upon to address a Nantucket audience. And now, they say, the great fleet of ships has passed away, the commerce is extinct, the old houses have been burned down or broken up, the treasures have passed into alien hands, and the island has become the haunt of—the summer boarder! A dismal fate indeed—for all but the boarder! And yet the Spectator found that some things remain. There are a few of the old houses left with the "walk" on the roof, from which the skipper's wife could look far out to sea to learn whether her Jack was to be home again. There is the town crier, with his quaint cry, as the Spectator happened to hear it one evening, of "Roll of bills—forty dollars—lost this afternoon. Finder will be rewarded. Apply to Cliff House." There is the two-hundred-and-fifty-year-old house, the oldest on the island, with its familiar legend of the drunken Indian falling through the closet where he was hiding with murderous intent, and its pathetic bric-à-brac of figureheads and nameboards of vessels wrecked on the island. There is 'Sconset, with its queer little boxes of houses, its Town Pump, and its antediluvian railway running to Nantucket town. There is the Historical Room in the abandoned Quaker meeting-house, with its curios from all over the world, and especially its century-old log books

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bound in sailcloth, telling of the voyages of daring Nantucketers to the South Seas, and containing much curious information besides the to-be-expected entries of "Gentle Gails from the Southwest" and the rough pictures of whales in the paragraphs describing their capture, and of whales' flukes when the prey escaped. And there is Nantucket's marvelous Guide-book. That merits a paragraph by itself.

❀

The Spectator is somewhat familiar with the extravagances of summer resort pamphlets, but for what he might call balloonatic effervescence, which carries the reader far above the laws of gravitation and grammar, the Guide to Nantucket excels. The first page rivets the attention, and the rest are like unto it. "Nantucket," it begins, "that queenly island whose ineffable supremacy over other seashore resorts, is steadily forging ahead in universal popularity, is to-day one of the most sought after watering places. The rich sights of quaint mannerisms and the unchanged customs of ye years ago, are readily conducible to a complete reversal of the customary visions that confront the metropolitan visitor. On every hand the tourist is encountered by sights that have a refreshing tendency upon the intellect, that to be fully comprehended must be experienced." Even so. The voyage to the island brings out the descriptive powers of a Gautier: "Young and old commingle together alike, each intent upon partaking freely of the occasion. . . . Now for a brief period is observed the broken coast noted for its promiscuity. . . . The varied array of spectacular scenery and natural splendor are so happily blended that, when contemplated in their ensemble, they cannot but elicit the unmitigated enthusiasm of the observer. . . . Gaily tripping with swan-like ease, the boat pursues its southeasterly course" until the landing is reached, when "their pent-up spirits burst their bonds and they are an incorrigible mass of struggling humanity." And of the ringing of the silver-toned Unitarian Church bell (a bell that, like most things in Nantucket, has a history) the Guide affirms: "It is nine o'clock! Clanging clearly with monotonous bing-bang, the curfew rings out." And much more of the same delightful quality, which the Spectator refrains from quoting for fear he should be charged with inserting an advertisement in his chaste columns. This Guide-book is certainly one of Nantucket's "uniquest" productions, and sufficiently attests the change from the days when in its Athenæum were heard the voices of Everett, Phillips, Lowell, and Emerson.

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Is it permitted to the conscientiously lazy vacationist to hear a summer lecture? As a general thing, no; especially must he not attend a lecture given within walls, be they of wood or stone. But if he can lie under the spreading branches of a great pine, gazing at vistas of clouds and sky while listening peacefully to the murmur of peripatetic philosophers, is not Idleness justified of herself? And though he may not wish to spend many hours even in this innocuously studious way, he gains certain benefits by living in the neighborhood of such a lecture platform. The table talk, for instance, that he hears is apt to be more edifying in the vicinity of philosophers than in that of others. And so the Spectator is glad that, after all, his outing, which began among the thoughtless throngs of a popular watering-place, with its appeal to the eye and the ear in the shape of fashionable sirens, swift horses, and seductive music, should have ended under the Lysekloster pines at Greenacre, Maine, amid prophets and prophetesses from both Occident and Orient. To the man who is determined to be lazy for a week or two, for conscience' sake, refreshment comes from association both with the daughters of laughter and with the sons of wisdom.

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Cuban Industrial Relief Fund

(Make checks and money-orders payable to The Outlook.)

Previously acknowledged	$5,378 38
Dunedin	100 00
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THE BACKWOODS FILIPINO

By Leonard R. Sargent

IT has been my privilege to have been intimately associated with the Filipino people for a short time at a most interesting period of their history. With the permission of Admiral Dewey, I spent the greater part of the months of October and November of 1898, in company with Paymaster W. B. Wilcox, U.S.N., in the interior of the northern part of the island of Luzon.[1] It will be remembered that at that date the United States had not yet announced its policy with regard to the Philippines. The terms of the treaty with Spain were being negotiated by our commissioners at Paris, and the fate of the islands hung in the balance. In the meantime the native population, taking matters into their own hands, had declared their independence from all foreign jurisdiction, and had set up a provisional government, with Aguinaldo at its head. Although this government has never been recognized, and in all probability will go out of existence without recognition, yet it cannot be denied that, in a region occupied by many millions of inhabitants, for nearly six months it stood alone between anarchy and order. The military forces of the United States held control only in Manila, with its environs, and in Cavite, and had no authority to proceed further; while in the vast remaining districts the representatives of the only other recognized power on the field were prisoners in the hands of their despised subjects. It was the opinion at Manila during this anomalous period in our Philippine relations, and possibly in the United States as well, that such a state of affairs must breed something akin to anarchy. I can state unreservedly, however, that Mr.

[1] The author of this article, it should be stated, is a Naval Cadet. The report made by Mr. Sargent and Paymaster Wilcox was regarded by Admiral Dewey as of great value, and the Admiral commended them for "the success of their undertaking, their thoroughness of observation, and the ability shown in their report."—THE EDITORS.

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Wilcox and I found the existing conditions to be much at variance with this opinion. During our absence from Manila we traveled more than six hundred miles in a very comprehensive circuit through the northern part of the island of Luzon, traversing a characteristic and important district. In this way we visited seven provinces, of which some were under the immediate control of the central government at Malolos, while others were remotely situated, separated from each other and from the seat of government by natural divisions of land, and accessible only by lengthy and arduous travel. As a tribute to the efficiency of Aguinaldo's government and to the law-abiding character of his subjects, I offer the fact that Mr. Wilcox and I pursued our journey throughout in perfect security, and returned to Manila with only the most pleasing recollections of the quiet and orderly life which we found the natives to be leading under the new régime.

Some years ago, at an Exposition held at Barcelona, Spain, a man and woman were exhibited as representative types of the inhabitants of Luzon. The man wore a loin-cloth and the woman a scanty skirt. It was evident that they belonged to the lowest plane of savagery. I think no deeper wound was ever inflicted upon the pride of the real Filipino population than that caused by this exhibition, the knowledge of which seems to have spread throughout the island. The man and woman, while actually natives of Luzon, were captives from a tribe of wild Igorrotes of the hills; a tribe as hostile to the Filipinos as to the Spaniards themselves, and equally alien to both. It is doubtful to what extent such islanders are responsible for the low esteem in which the Filipino is held; his achievements certainly have never been well advertised, while his shortcomings have been heralded abroad. The actual, every-day Filipino is not as picturesque a creature as the Igorrote. The average human imagination has a remarkable affinity for the picturesque; and the commonplace citizen of Luzon is too often overlooked in the presence of the engrossing savage. If the observer's attention can be drawn to the former, however, much that is of interest will be found in his comparatively homely life.

In our journey we traveled first across the province of Nueva Icija, by far the poorest and least interesting of all the provinces we visited. And yet even here we were greatly surprised by the intelligence and refinement of the inhabitants. While our entertainment at first was meager—for want of the wherewithal to provide a more generous one—we could nevertheless detect the same spirit of hospitality that found vent in elaborate manifestations in the richer towns which we visited later. We were particularly struck by the dignified demeanor of our hosts and by the graceful manner in which they extended to us their welcome. We had unlimited opportunities for conversation with the citizens of the towns, and we found everywhere a class that gave evidence of considerable culture and a certain amount of education. Their education included those branches only which were taught at the schools conducted by the priesthood at the capital towns of the provinces, and was of rather an impracticable nature. The Spanish language, Spanish history (appropriately garbled), Church history, and the dead languages evidently formed its leading features. The natives of this class seemed to have made the most of the opportunities offered them, and they had the subjects above mentioned completely at command. This enabled them to give a trend to their conversation that served at least to indicate their aspirations. On the other hand, their ignorance of modern history and politics, and particularly of current events, was astonishing. What they knew of the United States had been learned, like the Latin, from Spanish teachers, but was not equally reliable. Not only in the backward province of Nueva Icija, but elsewhere throughout our journey, we found the same fund of misinformation on the subject. This related in great measure to the attitude of our Government toward the two races of people that have come under its jurisdiction with an inferior political status, namely, the negroes and the Indians. Of the condition of the negroes since the war the Filipinos seem not to be aware. They express great curiosity on the subject of the Indian question, and have evidently been taught to see in the unhappy condition of that race the result of deliberate oppression, and a warning of what they

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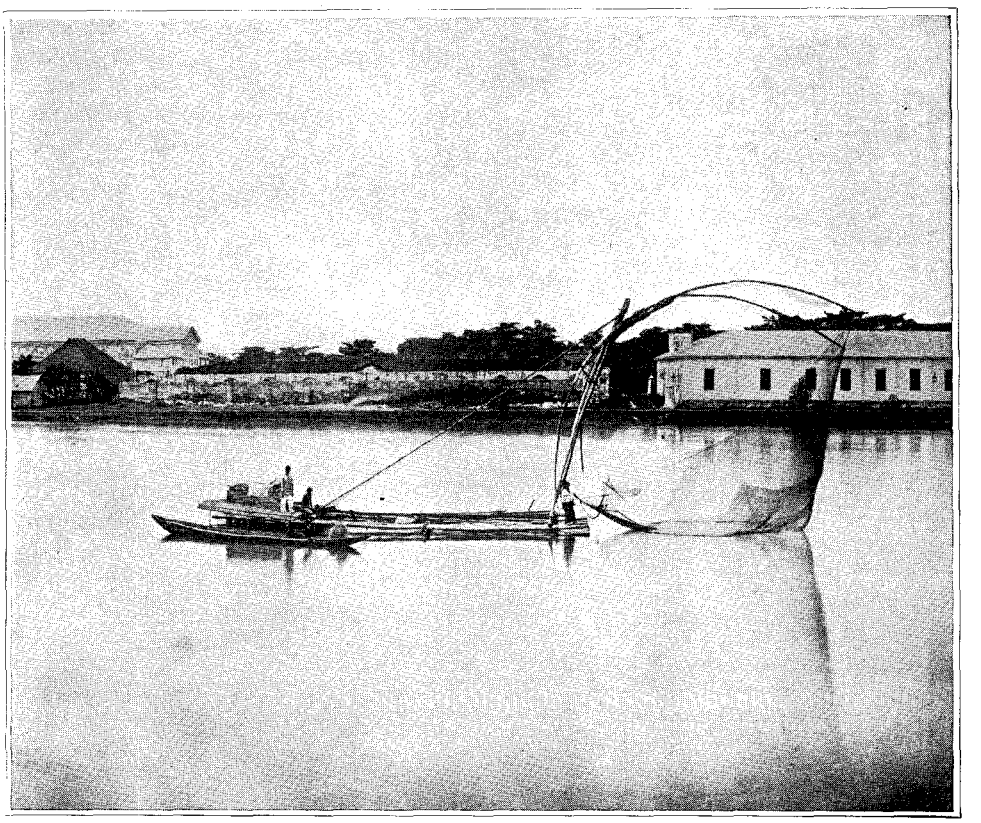
may expect from our Government if they submit themselves to its legislation. Of ourselves, the citizens of the United States, they have been told that we possess neither patriotism, honor, religion, nor any other restraining or refining influence. A character has been given us consistent with the acts attributed to our Nation. The natives are now undoubtedly becoming enlightened as to our true character, but it will probably be a long time before their last suspicions are removed. In the meanwhile we cannot but hope that the good faith of our Government in any proposition it may make to the Filipino people will be accepted in advance. When it becomes a question of our fairness and our honest intentions toward them, the burden of proof must rest on us.



THE PASIG RIVER
Fishermen raising great net.

The towns of Nueva Icija are small and unimposing. They are composed principally of "nipa" huts, built on "stilts" to evade the vapors that rise from the marshy ground. The "stilts" and the frame of the hut are formed of bamboo poles, and an excellent floor is made from long, thin strips of the same wood laid together with their curved surfaces upward. The roof is thatched with grass, and the sides of the hut are formed of leaves of the "nipa" plant plaited together. Screens made of the same material serve in place of windows, sliding back and forth on bamboo guides in front of apertures cut in the walls. A short bamboo ladder gives entrance to the hut, which consists of two rooms, one forward of the other. The front room is raised a step higher than the rear one, and is provided with as smooth a floor as possible, to be used principally for sleeping purposes. The back room contains the native stove, the only piece of furniture in the hut. This consists of a section of the trunk of a large tree hollowed out into the form of a bowl and lined with mortar. Many "nipa" huts are far more elaborate, but the one described is of the

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commonest type, and frequently forms the home of a large family.

It will be noticed what an important part the bamboo forms in the construction of these huts. The value of the bamboo tree to the natives of all tropical countries has been too often dilated upon to bear further repetition; but I cannot refrain from mentioning one use to which I have seen it put in this province. In the outskirts of one town through which we passed we noticed a number of huts whose owners, having made some attempt at cultivating the land in their immediate vicinity, had built a fence of bamboo to separate their fields from the road. There was nothing particularly remarkable about the fence, except that fences of any kind are not numerous in that country; but we were struck with astonishment on noticing a gate, through which a native had passed, close forcibly behind him, without any effort on his part. We proceeded at once to investigate the phenomenon, and discovered that the result which had so surprised us had been accomplished by the following unique arrangement: A long bamboo cord had been made fast to the gate and to a point near the top of a bamboo sapling growing in the yard, so that the cord was taut when the gate was shut. The gate opened outward, and could be passed through only by bringing sufficient pressure to bear to bend the sapling. When the pressure was released, the sapling would spring back to its erect position, closing the gate with a slam. With the means at hand, a Yankee might well have been at a loss to devise a neater or more effective scheme.

The province of Nueva Icija is low and marshy, and rice is almost the only agricultural product. At the time of our visit, the entire population, both male and female, was engaged in the threshing of rice, which, under their artistic manipulation, becomes a most picturesque proceeding. The implements used resemble, on a large scale, the pestle and mortar of a chemist. The mortar is replaced by a section of a log of hard wood, hollowed out into the shape of a bowl or trough; the pestle by a club about four feet long, with ends about six inches in diameter, and the middle part scraped down to the shape of the hand and worn smooth by constant friction. The rice is thrown into the mortar as it is cut. The club, held in the middle, is raised well above the head in the right hand and cast vertically down upon the rice; caught up with the left hand as it rebounds, thrown again, and caught up with the right. The workers make an interesting picture, half a dozen of them perhaps beating in the same mortar, their dark skins glistening in the sunlight, and every firm muscle working as their bodies move in the graceful action of their labor. These people are musical by nature, and there undoubtedly is harmony in this rhythmical beating of wood on wood. The sound penetrates to the most distant places, and seems never to cease. It comes to you like the beating of a muffled drum, and brings before your mind the supple figures of the native girls casting their clubs in that graceful movement, down with the right hand, up with the left, down with the left hand, up with the right. I only once saw the workmen emphasize the musical element that characterizes this labor. On this occasion a party of four natives, two young men and two young women, were beating at the rice in one long trough, while an old man sitting near with a musical instrument like a guitar strummed the time.

In traveling from Nueva Icija into the neighboring province of Nueva Vizcaya, and from there on through the greater part of the latter province, we passed through a rough and mountainous country. Our progress here was deplorably difficult, but the numerous views of magnificent scenery to which we were treated more than repaid us for our labors and hardships. I never before had suspected that Luzon Island contained within its borders such harmonies in landscape as it has been my good fortune to see. There are spots in the mountains of Nueva Vizcaya from which the aspect of the surrounding country overwhelms an observer with all the power of music, and thrills his artistic sense into ecstasy. The deep-rooted prejudice that many men possess against all that is tropical, I think, would disappear in every case under the influence of the clear atmosphere and healthful soil of this beautiful province.

From Nueva Vizcaya for the next three weeks of travel we passed from one hospitable town to another, and enjoyed a round of novel entertainments. Our

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A FILIPINO VILLAGE

route now carried us through the valley of the Rio Grande Cagayan—probably the largest area of level country in Luzon Island. With the exception of the region in the immediate vicinity of Manila, and of the narrow strip of land along the western coast, this valley, previous to the revolution, was the firmest and most ancient seat of Spanish authority on the island. Its towns throughout give evidence of the labor that has been expended on them. There are comparatively few "nipa" huts, and many substantial frame buildings. Each town, moreover, has an elaborate church and convent, usually built of brick. Many of these churches date back into the last century; one which I remember particularly bearing the date 1780 as that of its completion.

Our entertainment in the different towns varied according to the facilities at hand; but in all cases music was a leading feature. In the absence of all accessories, the village band would be called into the building in which we were received, and would play tune after tune well on into the night, while we conversed at our ease with the village fathers. At the little village of Cordon, which has a population of only a few hundred, we passed one of the pleasantest evenings of our journey. In this instance four accomplished little girls gave the entertainment its particular charm. Soon after our arrival the entire village trooped into the large room of the public building that had been turned over to our party. The floor was cleared for a dance, and the band commenced with a waltz. After the waltz was finished two of the little girls danced a minuet, and sang a very pretty dialogue accompaniment. The movement of the minuet was very slow and stately, and the little dancers went through it with charming effect. As an encore when the minuet was finished they sang a Spanish love-song together. The ages of these little girls were eleven and twelve respectively, and they did not look at all older than their years. They were dressed as grown-up young ladies, however, with their hair elaborately arranged, and with long trains

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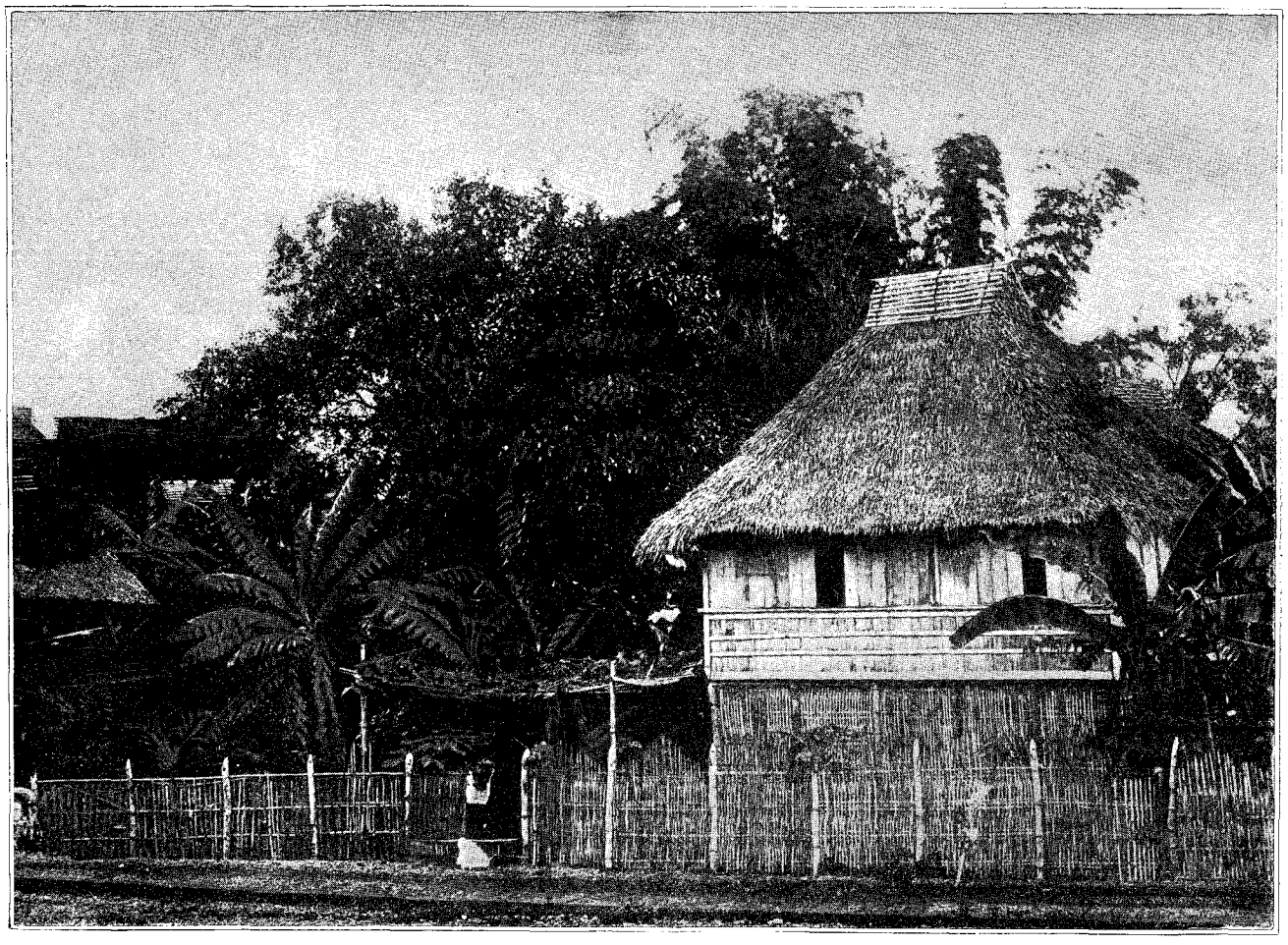

A TYPICAL THATCHED HOUSE AND ORIENTAL GARDEN

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to their cotton gowns. When I asked their mother if this style of dress had been adopted as a masquerade, she said, "Oh, no. I expect both my little girls to be married very soon." After all, some of the customs of the Filipinos are rather picturesque.

After a short rest these girls and two others of about the same age danced the "contrabandista," using castanets. We enjoyed this dance very much. The dancers arranged themselves at starting in the form of a square, and frequently returned to that figure. Passing and repassing each other, twirling unexpectedly about, and posing for an instant, only to resume the rapid step, their tiny, erect figures moved with charming grace and quickness in time with the music, and their castanets kept up a lively accompaniment. When directions were needed they were received from an old man, who occupied the position of dancing-master in the village. A guitar and a flute supplied the only music for the dance. At times even this was dispensed with, and, in its stead, the dancing-master sang a plaintive air in his native dialect. The music and dancing continued until we requested an opportunity to rest. On other occasions we have been shown many dances peculiar to the country, and have found that, while they are all graceful and interesting, none are in the least grotesque or barbaric.

The towns of Ilagan and Aparri, with their wealthy and pleasure-loving population, provided the most elaborate entertainment. Ilagan is the capital city of the tobacco-raising province of Isabella, and is situated near the head of navigation of the Rio Grande; Aparri is situated at its mouth in the province of Cagayan, and is the only seaport of the valley. These towns are laid out in regular streets, and have many squares of substantial frame buildings. They have each a population of between ten and fifteen thousand. We spent three days at Ilagan, and I think that it was here that we were brought into closest touch with the Filipino character. The cultured class, which I have spoken of before, was strongly in evidence; and I think that, before leaving, we had discussed views with nearly every member of it. They all realized that they were passing through a crucial period in the history of their people, and young and old were eager to acquire all possible knowledge that might assist them to think clearly at this crisis. Their realization of the gravity of their position did not, however, rob their character of its natural gayety, nor make them forget their duty as hosts. On the evening following our arrival a ball was given in our honor, which was attended by all the élite of the town. There were present about fifty young women and twice that number of men. All were dressed in European fashion. The girls were pleasant and intelligent; the men comported themselves in all respects like gentlemen. It was hard to realize that we were in the very heart of a country generally supposed to be given up to semi-savages. At intervals between dances many songs were sung; usually by one or two of the guests, while all frequently joined in the chorus. The national hymn was repeated several times with great enthusiasm. The ball lasted until nearly three o'clock in the morning, and broke up with good feeling at its height.

On the second evening we were invited to attend the theater, where two one-act Spanish plays were presented by the young society people of the town. The theater itself had been constructed by the villagers only a few weeks before. It was a large bamboo structure, one end of which was used as the village market, while the stage occupied the other end. The stage arrangements were good; curtain, side-scenes, and footlights all *en règle*. In the performance of the play we saw our friends—these typical young Filipinos—in a light in which very few of our Nation have had an opportunity to view them. They comported themselves with credit in a position where humor, intelligence, and artistic ability were the requisites of success.

During our stay at Ilagan we lived at the house of the mayor. This building was of great size, and was built of magnificent hard wood from the neighboring forest. One wing, containing a reception-room and two bedrooms, was turned over to us. The reception-room was very large, with a finely polished floor, and with windows along two sides. It contained a piano and a set of excellent bamboo furniture, including the most comfortable

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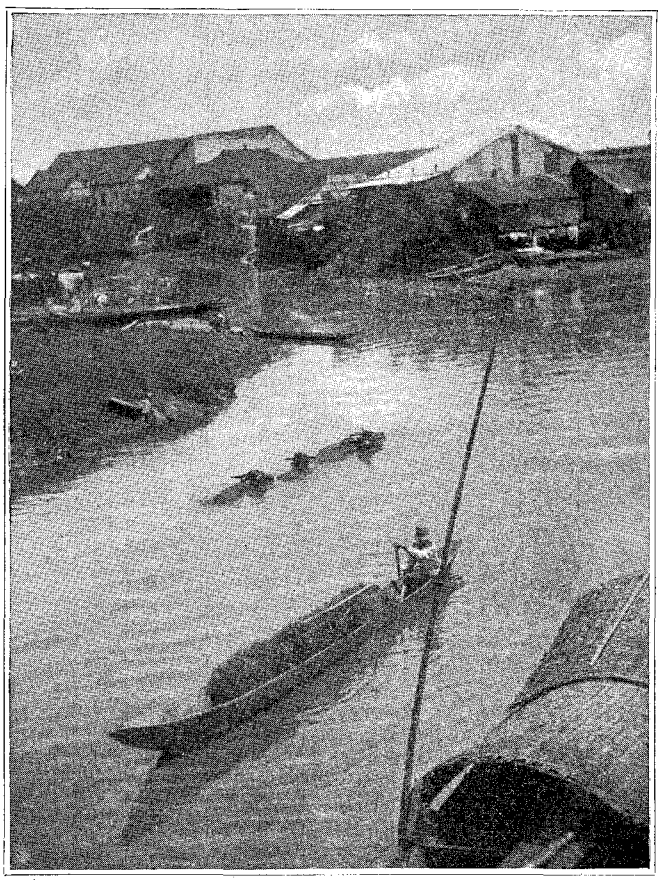

FONDO
Showing Native Canoe and Water Buffalo in one of the City Canals.

chairs and divans imaginable. There were two tall mirrors on the wall, and a number of old-fashioned pictures and framed paper flowers. In this room our friends gathered in the afternoon, and took measures to make the time pass pleasantly for us. Whenever the conversation threatened to lose its animation, there was always some one at hand ready to accede to our host's request to play on the piano or to sing.

There was one form of hospitality which we met both at Ilagan and at Caparri that we would gladly have avoided. I still shudder when I recall the stupendous dinners that were spread before us night after night. The Filipinos pride themselves on their cookery, and it is indeed excellent. There could be no cause for complaint on that score. There is never any suspicion of the greasy and garlicky flavor to the food that characterizes a Spanish meal. Our host at Ilagan employed three cooks, each of whom in turn officiated at the preparation of one of the three dinners which we ate in that town. It is impossible to say which one deserved the palm. The shortest of the three dinners numbered fifteen courses, and seemed interminable. In addition to fish, rice, chickens, and other domestic products of the country, there was served game of many sorts, including doves, snipes, deer, mountain buffalo, and boar. It was astonishing how many of the dishes were "*coniida del pais*," and must be sampled by the visitors to secure a just conception of the Filipino talent in matters of the palate. We felt on leaving the table as if the horn of plenty had been thrust against our lips and its contents to the last crumb forced down our unwilling throats. I notice in my diary an entry made after returning from a dinner in one of the western provinces, where more moderation was displayed, which reads: "We had been in dread of encountering another such feast as those at Ilagan and Aparri, but found, to our great relief, that this meal lasted through only eight courses."

A Filipino dinner is usually served shortly after noon, and is followed by the siesta. The next meal comes about nine o'clock, but is ordinarily preceded about three hours earlier by light refreshments of chocolate and sweetmeats. The native is very fond of the latter, which he prepares from cocoanut meat and sugar. His table is always set—at least when guests are present—with a tablecloth and napkins, and the customary supply of knives and forks. He is very temperate in his use of liquor. An alcoholic beverage is made from the sap of the "nipa" plant, and imported wines are served in the houses of the rich in the large towns.

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None of these are used to excess, however; and I have never seen an intoxicated Filipino.

Throughout the valley of the Rio Grande, as well as the province of Nueva Vizcaya, the wilder regions are inhabited by Igorrotes. These savages are not powerful enough to attack a town of any size, but they are a formidable menace to the smaller villages, and particularly to travelers. Unarmed individuals cannot go with impunity from one town to another, but must travel in parties and with an armed escort. For this reason, communication between the towns of these provinces is comparatively rare. Many provinces—such as Nueva Vizcaya—are shut off from their neighbors by ranges of mountains whose passes lie in the Igorrote territory and are eminently exposed to attack. At certain seasons of the year these attacks become especially numerous, on account, it is said, of the religious ceremonies observed by the Igorrotes. These ceremonies require the presence of human heads; and, accordingly, the whole tribe, moved by a deep feeling of piety, proceeds, with its armament of arrows and lances, to waylay whatever unhappy Filipinos may come within reach. One of these seasons of religious manifestation lasts nine days. It had become so notorious and had cost so many lives that a few years ago a law was passed prohibiting travel on certain roads between prescribed dates.

Many tribes of Igorrotes have been brought partly within the pale of civilization; principally in the western provinces. These tribes, in their semi-civilized state, are called Trugmanes. They live in primitive villages, and are presided over by leaders chosen from their own tribe. I have seen many of these people. The chiefs dress in Filipino garb, with cotton trousers, and a shirt falling outside of all. The chief is always seen carrying his staff of office—a gold headed cane. The tribesmen wear only loin-cloths. They are finely built and very powerful men.

The dangers incident to travel have had much to do with the confusion of dialects that prevails on the island, and this confusion is consequently more marked in the eastern than in the western provinces. The educated class of Filipinos can speak two languages that are universal throughout the island in their own class; these are Spanish and Tegalog. The ignorant natives, on the other hand, have only their own provincial dialect. These dialects are so different one from another that they must be separately studied to be understood. Dictionaries of many of them have been made by the Jesuit priests. Through the servants of our party, we had at command five dialects in addition to the Spanish and Tegalog. Yet, in passing through one province, we failed utterly to make ourselves understood by a native whom we accosted, although we plied him patiently with these seven languages.

There is but one individual who seems never to be daunted by the obstacles and dangers that separate him from the province toward which he sees fit to direct his footsteps. I refer to the Chinaman. In almost every village we visited we found at least one of that race; and in the larger towns there were many. They are the merchants of the island; presiding over every shop, and drawing money from every village. They are deeply hated by the Filipinos, and were the object of a strict emigration law under the administration of Aguinaldo's provisional government. The steamer Oslo, which took our party from Aparri, brought to that port a number of Chinese immigrants, destined in the greater part for Manila. The supercargo, however, desired to leave fifty of them at Aparri, and offered the governor of that place fifty dollars per head for that number if he would permit them to land. His offer was promptly refused.

Our party proceeded on the Oslo from Aparri around the northwestern corner of the island and landed on the coast near the northern end of the province of South Ilocos. From here we proceeded by land southward through the western provinces. During this part of our journey we were thrown into closer association than previously with the military element of the population; of which I hope to have an opportunity to speak further in a subsequent article.

The towns on the western coast are even larger than those on the Rio Grande. Vigan, the capital of South Ilocos, has a population of about 28,000, and Candon, further to the southward, is not far behind this figure. The Mayor of Candon was

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of the hustler type, and was evidently on the outlook for an opportunity to "boom" his town. On our departure he presented us with a written description of its exceptionally desirable location from a business standpoint. Every town gave evidence of the bitter fighting that had taken place between the natives and the Spaniards; many of the larger buildings, which had been used for defense, being riddled with bullet-holes.

We no longer passed from town to town through unsettled stretches of country. The fields on both sides of the road were under cultivation and were dotted with laborers, while on the road itself there were always many travelers. The laborers in the fields worked in the shade of large screens of nipa leaves, which they carried with them from place to place. Many of the travelers we passed were women. To give freedom to their limbs in walking, the skirts of their dresses were so arranged that the rear end could be drawn up between the knees and tucked into the belt in front, leaving the legs bare from the knees down. Their graceful carriage, which never failed to elicit our admiration, is due, to a great extent, I think, to their custom of carrying burdens upon their heads. This method of transportation has become a second nature to them, and is applied to articles of all descriptions. I have seen a native woman, with her hands swinging freely at her sides, walk briskly along with a pint bottle of gin balanced carelessly upon her head. On the other hand, their loads are often of great weight and towering height.

A FILIPINO TYPE
Drawn from life by H. F. Hedden.
From the "Philippine Monthly Magazine," published in Manila.

The Filipino maidens of high degree do not differ from their laboring sisters in the matter of a graceful carriage. Many of them are pleasing in feature as well. Their education, however, seems to be responsible for a lack of vivacity, at least in their conversation with young men. They have evidently been taught to appear as cold and distant as possible in such society. On one point only they are always ready to meet you on terms of friendly equality; and that is when you make bold to suggest a smoke. They are always glad to accept a cigarette or small cigar, and, if you are not prompt in offering one, in all probability will produce one from their own supply, and ask your permission to light it. This habit quickly ceases to attract your notice, except under unusual circumstances. At a town in Isabella my attention was drawn to a number of young girls returning from their first communion. They were clothed in dresses of pure white, and long veils hung chastely down below their shoulders. I drank in the details of the picture with delight, until I came to the thick haze that overhung it. Through the meshes of each veil a tube of tobacco was thrust, and every pair of dainty lips gave its continual contribution to the cloud of smoke that dwelt around the little group like a halo of universal sanction.

The men whom we met in the western provinces—our hosts at the different towns—possessed in general the same characteristics that we had observed in their countrymen further to the eastward. We noticed, however, a marked difference between the inhabitants of the two districts in the matter of the prevailing religious sentiment. Throughout the valley of the Rio Grande the ordinary ceremonies of

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worship were almost entirely suspended for want of persons ordained to conduct them. In Ilocos and Union, however, natives had been promptly placed in the sacred offices left vacant by the imprisonment of the Spanish priests; and at the time of our visit they were conducting all the services of the Church. Freedom of thought marked the views of every Filipino that I have heard express himself on the subject of religion, and, although I certainly have met devout Catholics among them, I judge that that Church, on account of the abuses with which it has been associated on the island, has failed on the whole to secure an exclusive hold on the minds of the natives.

In speaking of the Filipino people, I have had reference throughout principally to one class of their society, which I have called the cultured class. If my observations of that class are just, however, I think that inferences can safely be drawn from them that extend their application over the entire Tegalog population. The great mass of this population has been kept in an unenlightened state by deliberate legislation which has effectually deprived them of every possible opportunity for advancement. Those who have acquired education have acquired it at an extravagant cost that has placed it hopelessly beyond the reach of all but the wealthy. There are few, if any, among that number, however, who, while possessing the price of a schooling, have neglected to apply it to that end. I cannot see what better gauge we can obtain at present of the intelligence and ambition of the whole Filipino race than the progress that has been made by its favored members with the limited opportunities at their command. Throughout the island a thirst for knowledge is manifested, and an extravagant respect for those who possess it. I have seen a private native citizen in a town in the interior exercise a more powerful influence than all the native officials over the minds of the inhabitants, simply because he was known to have been educated in the best schools at Manila, and was regarded for that reason as a superior man. The heroes of these people are not heroes of war, but of science and invention. Without rival, the American who is best known by reputation in Luzon is Mr. Edison, and any native with the slightest pretension to education whom you may question on the subject will take delight in reciting a list of his achievements. The ruling Filipinos, during the existence of their provisional government, appreciated the necessity of providing public schools to be accessible to the poorest inhabitants. Had events so shaped themselves as to have provided an opportunity for carrying into effect the plans formed on this point, it seems possible that the mental plane of the entire population might have been raised gradually to a surprising height.

Out of respect to the statements of other people which the narrative of my experience may seem to contradict, I wish to say that I have found the native of the interior of Luzon an astonishingly different character from the one ordinarily met in Manila. Previous to my journey, I regarded those whom I had encountered in that city with great dislike, and after my return I was unable to overcome that feeling. They are not a fair sample of the race; and I cannot expect any one who has formed his judgment on the subject merely from observations of that type to express an opinion similar to mine, as recorded above.

A Poppy

By Edwin H. Keen

Flaunting her cloak of flaming red,
  She stands beside the way,
The scarlet woman of the fields
  For whom the daisies pray.

Ye bees and butterflies, beware
  Her silk so gay and thin!
For in her fickle heart she hides
  The deadly sleep of sin.

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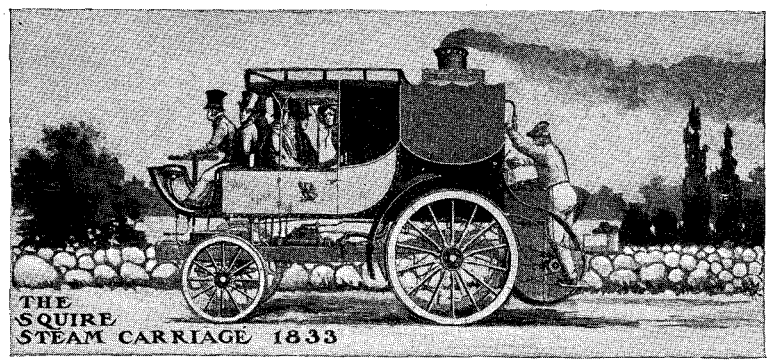

MOTOR-VEHICLES

By John Gilmer Speed

SEVERAL years ago I met and talked with an intelligent man, who at that time was one hundred and ten years old. For seventy years of his long life he had been an expert machinist, that is, a constructor of machinery. He had preserved all his faculties in an unusual degree, and his memory was particularly good as to his early life, which in his case stretched beyond what we generally call middle age. In our conversation I asked him what he considered was the most remarkable achievement of science in his time. He asked me to walk with him. About two hundred yards from his house was a trolley line. Soon after we reached the line a car came whizzing along at something like twenty miles an hour. "That," said he, pointing at the car, "is the most wonderful thing I have ever seen. I come to look at the cars go by every day." I should like to have heard that old man's opinion on the electric or gasoline automobile, but at that time there was none in his neighborhood, and now he is no more. The trolley is a very wonderful method of propulsion, but I consider, and I believe that the venerable machinist would have agreed with me, that the motor vehicle at present used on the city streets and country roads is even more wonderful. And especially is it wonderful when it is driven by electricity.

Road traction first engaged the attention of engineers, and had it not been for the diversion of this attention to rail traction by the invention of the locomotive, it is likely that we should have had steam road carriages long ago, and good roads to drive them over as well. Cugnot, a Frenchman, built a steam road carriage in 1763, Murdock built a steam tricycle in England in 1781, and Oliver Evans in America applied in 1786 to the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and Maryland for a patent on a steam road carriage. Towards the end of the last century Trevithick, sometimes called the Father of the Locomotive, turned his attention to road motors, and in 1801 built a steam carriage, which climbed steep hills faster than a man could walk. Until the inventive attention was turned to railway development there were many attempts to perfect these road carriages, but they had to be made in the face of the opposition of the landowners and those with other vested interests. In 1833 Squire and Macerone built several steam carriages in England, and these attained an average speed of fourteen miles an hour. But the success

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of the railroad put a stop to the improvements in these road carriages for nearly half a century.

Indeed, it has only been within the past ten years that capitalists could be induced to invest anything in experiments looking towards the perfection of these motor vehicles. And we, on this side of the Atlantic, were not the first to go into this new-old venture. We let the French and the English take the initiative, and Mr. Duryea, an American automobile maker, says that as lately as four years ago it was almost impossible to get capitalists to look seriously upon a proposition which contemplated the building and the selling of these carriages. They regarded the idea as fanciful and chimerical. In the brief space of four years an immense change has taken place. Three of these years may be said to have been given up to the education of conservative capitalists and the growth of the demand for the carriages on the part of the public. The other year has been a time of immense action, for now there are a great many plants in America working night and day to build the carriages that have been ordered, while there is upwards of $400,000,000 of capital invested in the business. One manufacturing company accepted an order in July for 4,200 carriages. To fill this order the company will need to spend something like eight millions of dollars for material and labor. It is likely that no new business ever grew to such proportions within so short a time. Four years ago there was no business at all; one year ago the building of automobiles had just passed the experimental stage; to-day it is a great industry, and the demand for the product of the manufacturers is growing all the while. Those who could keep up with the times must be wide awake, for the best ingenuity of the world is engaged in the improvement of the motor vehicles which were fads yesterday, but are thoroughly practical and serviceable means of locomotion to-day.

In New York a carriage propelled by gasoline, steam, or electricity attracted much attention a year or so ago on the streets; now there are hundreds of such, and the passing of one of them is not noticed any more than an ordinary hansom cab pulled by a horse. In another year there will be four times as many, and it is proposed that some of these shall carry passengers as an ordinary omnibus, and run in connection with the surface and elevated railways, transferring passengers from the one to the other at a single fare. New York is rarely foremost in the matter of urban transportation, and what will ultimately be done in the metropolis will probably be accomplished long before in other American cities, not handicapped by a

A BROUGHAM-HACK
Electric System. Commonly seen in New York streets.

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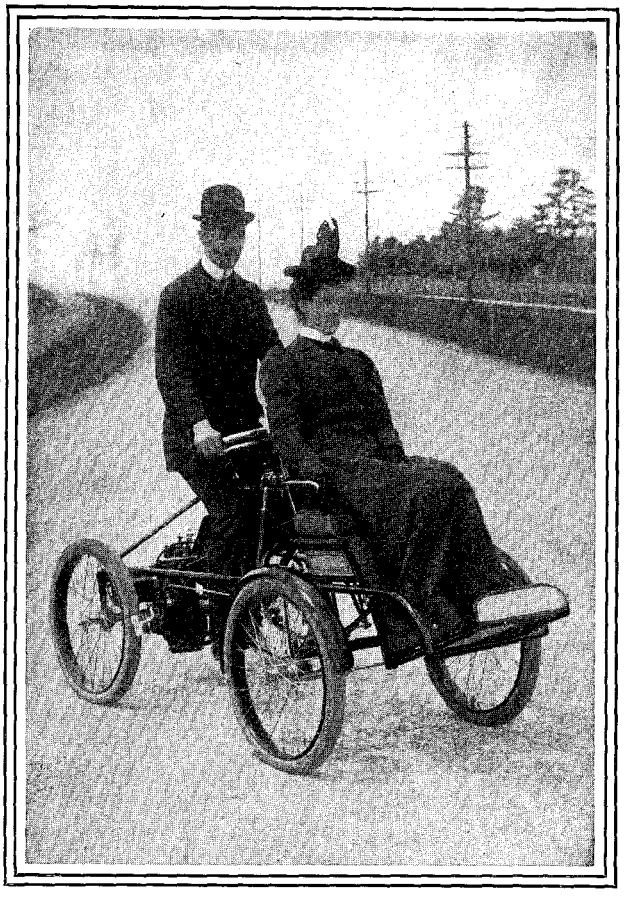

THE DE DION-BOUTON QUADRICYCLE
Invented by Count de Dion, President of the Paris Automobile Society.

slow conservatism. New York capitalists at this time seem to be much alive to the changes that the perfection of the automobile is sure to make. Not only are we to have cabs in abundance and omnibuses, but the trucking may perhaps be done almost entirely without horses. Then we can have smooth pavements which may easily be kept clean.

The manufacturers of the electric automobiles do not seem to be satisfied that they are making machines which will not be obsolete in a few years. Therefore they prefer to rent the machines rather than sell them outright. Many inventors are at work trying to improve them—inventors from Edison all the way through the list. These inventors are not concerned so much with the carriages as with the motors to drive them. It is generally recognized that the combined weight of the carriage and the motor is at present too great. We know that strong carriages can be made of any desired weight; so the present problem is to lessen the weight of the motor. Then, of course, the carriage can be made lighter, and the cost of construction lessened.

Mr. Edison is at work on this problem. He says, without hesitation, that he will soon show how to build cheaper, lighter, and faster vehicles; but he is not now willing to be more definite than this. What he might say would be interesting to the public, but Mr. Edison does not care to have other inventors start in the same line of experiment he is pursuing.

Independent, however, of what there is in the future of the automobile, the present is most interesting, for the carriages of the day are good, practical machines, capable of doing hard work day after day and making great journeys at a high rate of speed. Already in this country a gasoline motor vehicle has made the journey from Cleveland to New York, more than seven hundred miles over the rough country roads, at a high rate of speed, and at this time there are two such vehicles on the road making the long journey between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Electric vehicles cannot, under present conditions, make such journeys, as the storage batteries used will only run a vehicle a little over twenty miles. Recharging takes several hours, and the motor must be at an electric station where there is a generating plant; but the motor can be removed and replaced in a few minutes. This is the plan used by the company operating the numerous electric cabs in New York. When the electric carriages come into general use, stations will be dotted all over the country, and fresh electricity will be as easy to obtain as food and drink now are for a horse. That seems long in the future,

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but if the progress continues as it has for the last twelve months, we shall have such public stations in a very few years.

At present the electric carriages are not, as a general thing, sold to the persons using them, but rented by the month or year. One of the largest companies prefers to do this at present, because the managers recognize that improvements are likely to be made very often, and they do not wish to sell to their customers what will be very quickly behind the times. Owning and caring for the carriages themselves, the manufacturers can add the improvements as each is made and keep them always up to date. The company just alluded to does this renting through a subsidiary or transportation company. It was this transportation company which gave the large order of 4,200 carriages mentioned in the beginning of this article. It is in these electric motors that the greatest improvements are to be expected. Electricity as a motive power appears to be only in its infancy, notwithstanding the marvelous trolley and the improvements in storage batteries; so it is only natural that those engaged in making electric motors for road vehicles should feel entirely sanguine that the perfection of the motor is merely a matter of a short while.

Meantime, however, the makers of other motor vehicles are going ahead as though electricity was not a particularly serious competitor. The gasoline motors have proved very successful both in Europe and in this country. In France the manufacturers are a year behind with the orders, and before the demand grew so rapidly in this country American machines were sent there and sold at a good premium. The chief automobile-maker in France, Count de Dion, was a prisoner in a police court the other day and was fined for working his men overtime. Though

A PRIVATE VICTORIA
Gasoline System.

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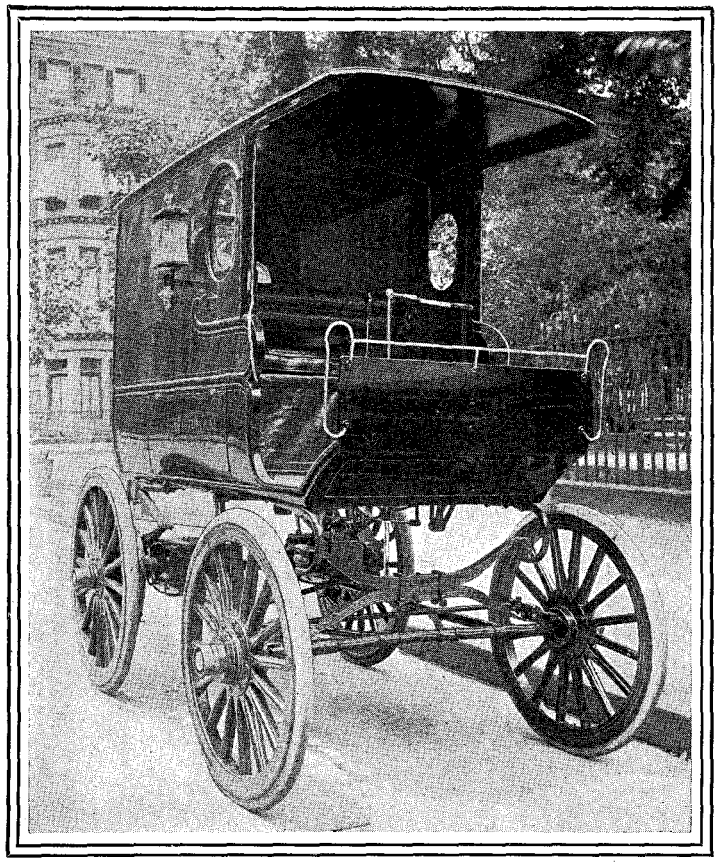

AN ELECTRIC DELIVERY WAGON

he has 100,000 men in his manufactories, he could not fill his orders in ten-hour days. Many of the makers in this country are also working night and day. The output, however, is behind the demand, and a contract for the early delivery of an automobile can now be sold for a premium. That is particularly the case where the contract calls for the delivery of the carriage in France or England. The public in these countries is more generally interested than it is here at present, and consequently the demand is greater. Moreover, though American manufacturers were slow to go into the business, American designs are recognized as superior. The carriages are neater, lighter, and altogether more ship-shape. Whether they are also faster and stronger is a matter which has not yet been determined; but these qualities are to be tested very soon, as, in the road races between automobiles in France, and in this country too, perhaps, all the various makes will sooner or later be tested against one another.

The American makers maintain that over our wretched roads the French machines cannot compete against the American, even though they are heavier. They say that, at the great rate of speed used over the splendid French roads, a French automobile on our roads would tear itself to pieces. It seems, on a casual glance, that it is paradoxical to maintain that a heavy French vehicle would be racked to pieces on bad roads, and at the same time that American vehicles must not be much lessened in weight, because of the bad roads. But there is not really a conflict of theory in this position. The vehicles should be neither too heavy nor too light, but just heavy enough to carry the motor itself and the load of passengers without dangerous vibration or overstraining. The American machines generally meet these requirements, and conservative builders are not likely to make them lighter until

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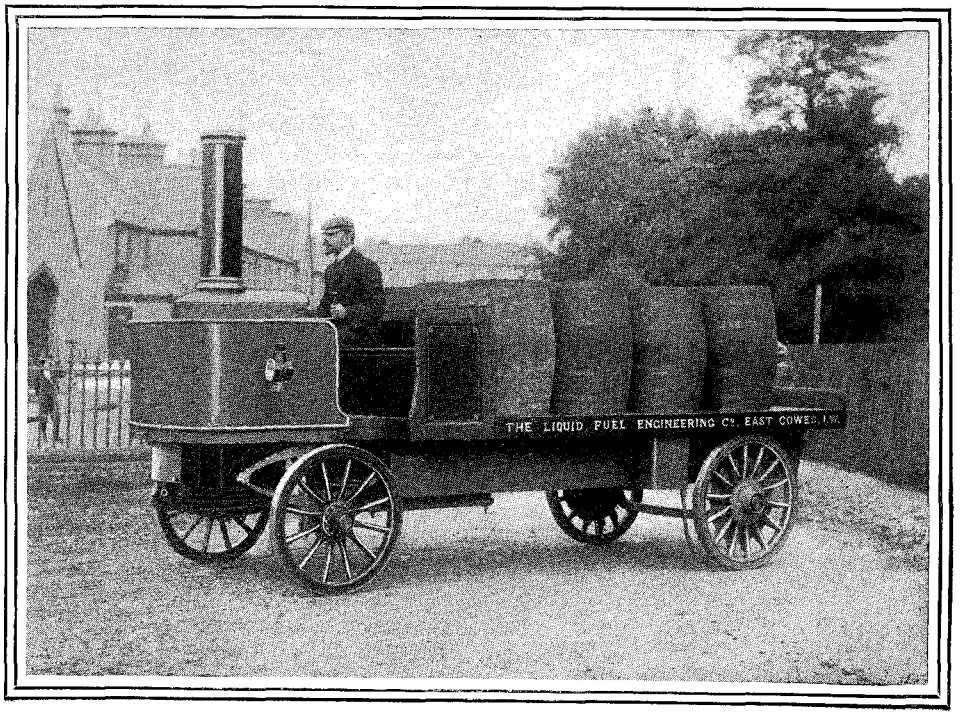
they can drive them with lighter motors. It is the old question of light and heavy bicycles over again. It took several years of experience for the public to realize that the weight of the rider should determine the weight of the bicycle. As the chief motor vehicle builders are also bicycle-makers, this lesson does not have to be learned over again.

As at present constructed, a storage battery for an electric vehicle will weigh from 500 to 1,500 pounds, while the vehicles range in total weight from 900 to 4,000 pounds. It would be a very light motor vehicle, however, that would weigh 900 pounds, and it would be adapted only for a one-passenger carriage. A phaeton built for two persons will have a battery that weighs 900 pounds, and the whole carriage will weigh something like 2,000 pounds. Such a vehicle will have a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and will climb a hill with a rise of twenty feet in a hundred feet. At top speed, however, such a vehicle would not run more than an hour, as then the storage battery would be exhausted and would need to be recharged or replaced. A careless driver, however, will get much less than the maximum endurance from such a vehicle. The personal equation enters into motor-driving, as into pretty nearly everything else in life. A good driver can get fifty miles a day out of a horse, where a poor driver would "do up" the animal in twenty-five; a careful man can wear a suit of clothes two years, while his careless brother would be shabby in two months. This matter of care also applies to the wear and tear on the vehicles themselves. It would be quite unsafe to warrant the life of an automobile in the hands of a careless owner or driver. One man will damage his almost inappreciably, another will wear his completely out and get no more use of it. One manufacturer says that his carriage and driving machinery are "fool proof," but I am inclined to believe his assertion merely a picturesque way of saying that he believes it to be very superior in its simplicity of construction and operation. A little while ago a young man in Newport tried to make his automobile show all its paces at once, that is, go forward and backward at the same time. His fate was like to that of the tenderfoot when first introduced to a bucking mustang. The automobile, however, was more broken up than the driver.



AN ENGLISH STEAM TRUCK

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The first cost of an electric carriage varies very much. Buggies and runabouts are advertised from $750 to $1,500; phaetons and stanhopes at from $2,000 to $3,000; omnibuses at from $3,000 to $4,000. The first cost, it will be seen, is greater or less than carriages with horses, according to the value of the horses. There is an idea that horses are now going begging in the market, and that fine animals can be purchased for little or nothing. This is very erroneous. A fine horse is as valuable in the market as ever he was; it is only the very common horse that does not command a good price. A man, therefore, can pay as much as he pleases for a good horse, but he cannot get one for a song. If, therefore, a good driving horse is worth $250 and a pair worth $500, we see that a turnout with a horse or a pair of horses does not cost so very much less than a motor vehicle. The saving is in the keep. A poor horse eats his head off every day, and it costs at least $30 a month to keep and shoe any horse a gentleman would care to drive. The cost of the electricity at a central station for a vehicle that would do the work of two horses, if the horses could work twice as long as is possible, would be only $25 a month. There is where the saving comes in—in the cost of the keep and the amount of work performed. Even when common horses are used and the first cost much reduced, a comparison shows that the electric vehicle is cheaper, though the interest on the investment be computed. A two-horse wagon, with two horses and the harness for them, may be bought for $700; an electric wagon corresponding in carrying capacity may be had for $2,250. Now, to stable, shoe

A SHOPPING VICTORIA
Electric system.

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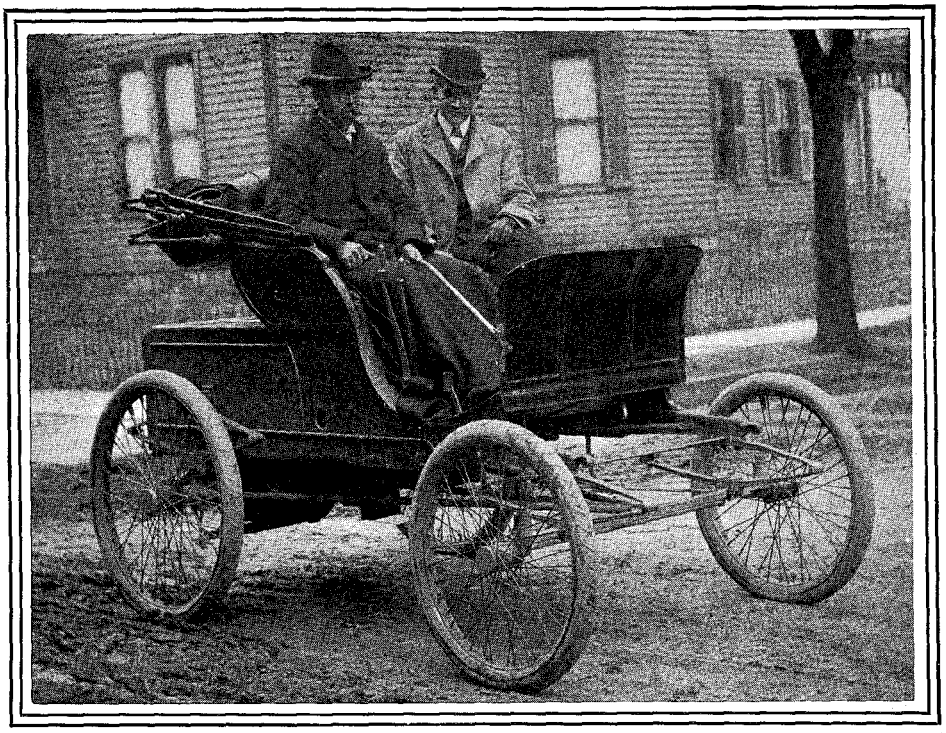

ALEXANDER WINTON MOTOR-CARRIAGE

Just before starting on its record trip from Cleveland to New York. It is propelled by the hydrocarbon system.

the horses, and keep the wagon and harness in repair for a year, besides adding the interest on the outlay for such a horse wagon, would amount to about $525. For an electric automobile, where the electricity is purchased at a station, the equivalent cost would be about $425; if the electricity were supplied by a private plant, the cost would be $135. Here is a saving of from twenty to seventy per cent. Figures such as these cannot fail to make those who depend on horse-pulled wagons in their business think seriously. Indeed, many of the stores in New York are adopting motor vehicles for delivery wagons. In these calculations the cost of the driver is not taken into consideration. "Any man with sufficient intelligence to fit him to take charge of a horse can be taught to manage an automobile." This is what the manufacturers say. Far be it from me to indorse the statement; for I am persuaded by long observation that, low though the intelligence of the horse is ranked among domestic animals, quite one-fourth of those in use now do the work and the thinking as well.

The company in New York that operates the electric cabs puts a new man through a course of training before he is intrusted with a cab in the streets. The teacher's cab is very strongly built, with a buffer at each end, so as to lessen the chances of damages either in front or behind. When I saw it, it reminded me of a country exhorter's definition of *double entente*. "A double entender," he said, without any effort at French pronunciation, "is a mean French thing that goes off in front and kicks in the rear." In this double-ender the instructor, by means of levers, can always take control and so prevent accidents. In France there is a regular training-school for drivers near Paris. On a hillside there are dummy figures to make the course as much like a city street as possible. The driver is considered expert when he can go over the course without toppling over any of these dummy figures. As the law of right-of-way is the same in France for automobiles that it is for ordinary carriages, the dummies on the training course are presumably put there merely to exercise the driver in deftness of guiding, and not to teach him to respect the lives and limbs

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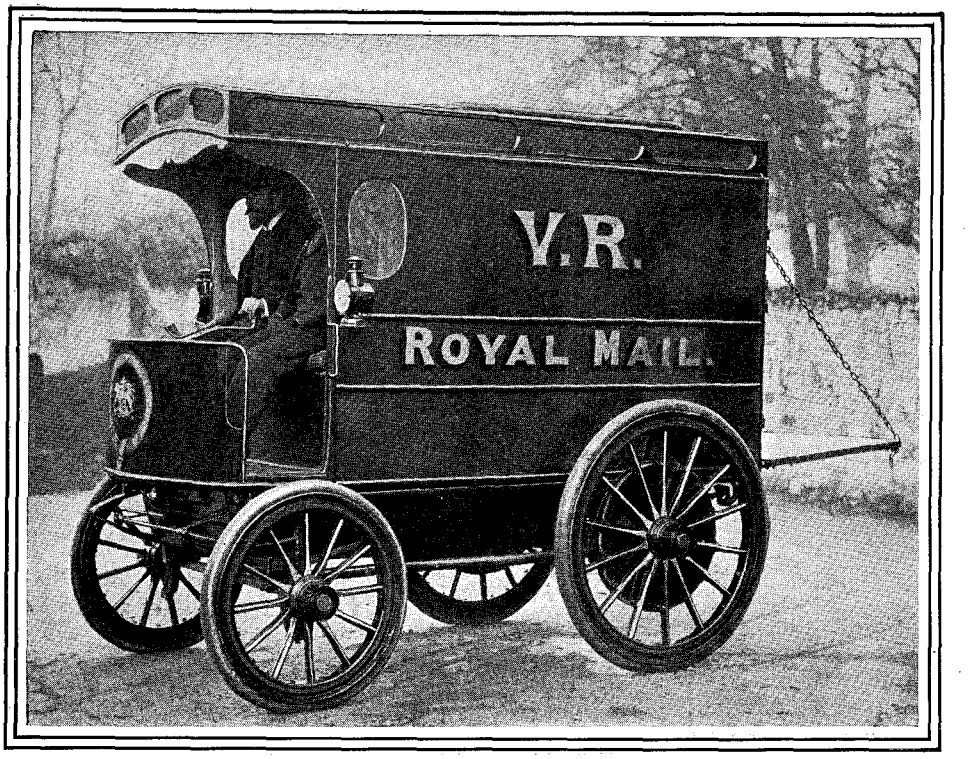

THE "ROYAL MAIL." STEAM VAN OF ENGLAND

As it appears in actual use.

of foot-passengers. In this country, however, an automobile driver has no more license to run down a pedestrian than has that of any other vehicle. As most of the vehicles belong to incorporated companies, it is a wise economy to employ only expert drivers, for juries exercise a sympathetic discretion in assessing damages when a corporation is a defendant in a suit at law. And a driver of an electric vehicle has both hands full while both of his feet are employed. With his left hand he manages the power lever, pushing it forward one notch at a time to increase his speed. With his right hand he controls the steering lever. His left heel is on the emergency switch, and his left toes ring the gong. With his right heel he turns the reversing switch, while he can apply the brake with either foot that happens to be disengaged. A man can learn to do all this in a week, big job though it seems. If he has had experience in driving horses in a crowded city, he learns more quickly; for the automobile requires alertness of eyes, hands, and mind, as well as natural quickness of movement.

As has been suggested, improvements in the future are to be expected in the electric motors, but at this time the gasoline motor, for general use both in the city and country, appears to be the most practical and the most economical. It is lighter and cheaper, and no charging station or charging plant is necessary. Gasoline is cheap and is obtainable everywhere. Gasoline carriages are, however, more subject to vibrations, and the passengers are rarely free from the unpleasant odors of burned gases. The most successful of the French automobiles are of this kind, and the long-distance races on the Continent have generally been won by them. A speed of fifty miles an hour has been maintained for short distances, and thirty miles an hour has been kept up for long distances, but even abroad this is exceptional. Of course such rapid traveling is out of the question in this country in the present condition of our roads. And even in France, where the roads are excellent, and an injured pedestrian is the culprit, such a rate of speed is for sport, and not for business, except

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when sport is made business. Many of the American manufacturers discourage road racing, and their vehicles are not made for a speed greater than twenty-five miles an hour when doing their utmost. Some, however, are very ambitious to try conclusions with their European competitors as to speed over long distances. Mr. Edison has confessed to the desire to beat the world when he has completed the task upon which he is now engaged. His, however, is to be an electric carriage. As much intelligence is required to drive a gasoline as an electric vehicle, and probably it is a trifle more difficult to keep in order.

The first auto-propelling road carriages were for steam, and there are those who believe to-day that the best automobile will be propelled by steam. Several American manufacturers are preparing to put steam carriages on the market, even steam buggies. In Europe for heavy coaches those designed for steam propulsion are now considered satisfactory. Road steam engines for heavy loads at slow rates of speed have long been used in Europe, where there are hard roads fit for such traffic. For light wagons the use of steam is another matter. Some critics say that the fact that the law requires that each operator of a steam engine shall have a license will prevent steam road motors from becoming popular. This does not seem to be an insuperable objection.

In addition to electric, gasoline, and steam motor vehicles, we have compressed air, carbonic acid gas, alcohol, and ammonia motor vehicles. The first three have been proved to be practical road vehicles; the others are, to an extent, still in the experimental stage, though companies with large capitalization have been organized to do the trucking in great cities with heavy wagons propelled by compressed air. The promotors of this enterprise do not agree that there is anything experimental in their project.

As to the best name for these new road motors there is much discussion. The French Academy has done what it could to settle the matter by deciding that "automobile" is a properly constructed word. This dictum may be binding in France, but here the makers prefer "motor-vehicle." Others, with a fondness for picturesqueness of expression, like "horseless carriage." It may be that none of these will be satisfactory to the public, as each is long, each a big mouthful of syllables. There is sure to be a shorter—one or two syllables at the most.

AN ELECTRIC RUNABOUT

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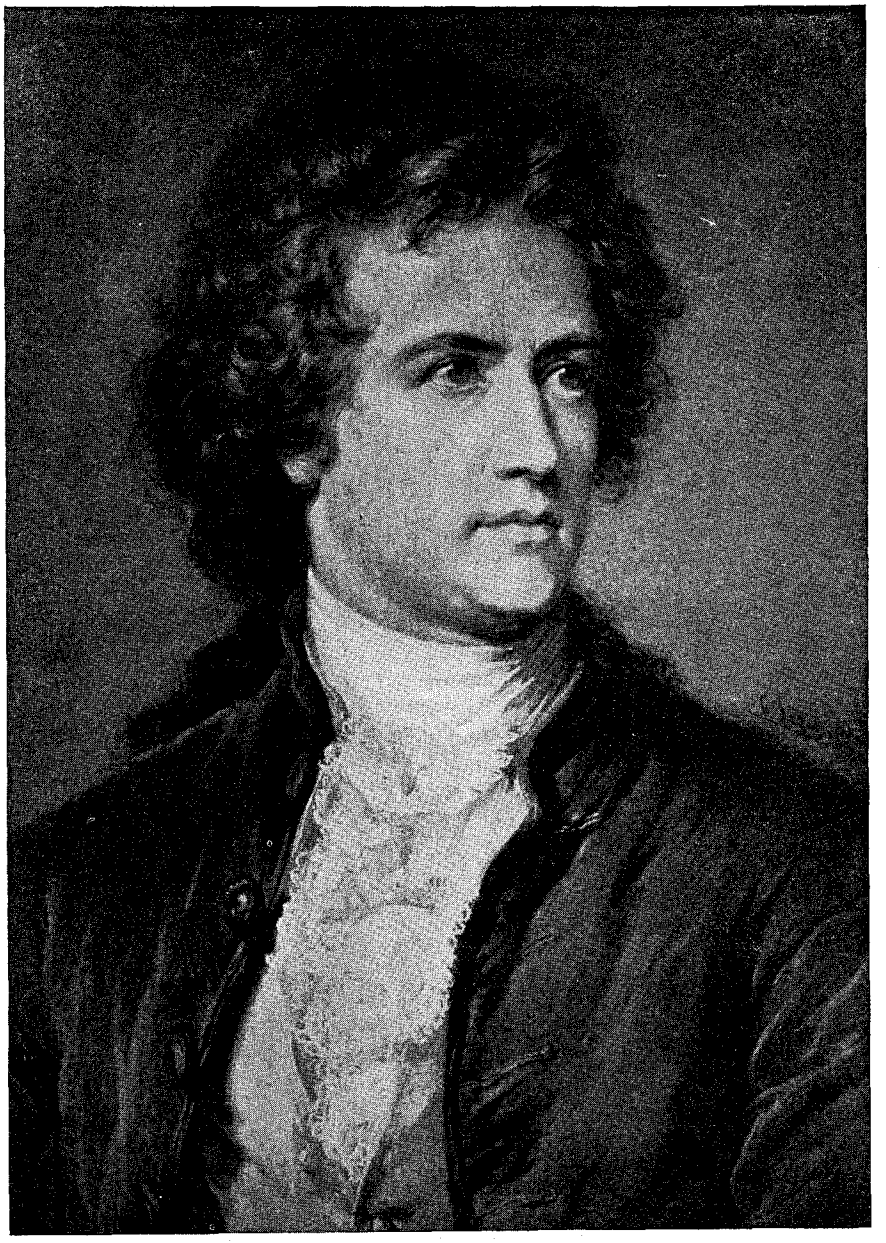

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

Born August 28, 1749.

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The Goethe Anniversary

By Kuno Francke

Professor of German Literature at Harvard University

AT a time when all Germany is preparing to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth birthday of Goethe, it seems proper to consider for a moment the essential features in the character of Germany's foremost poet, to pass in brief review those works of his which even now stand out as embodying vital problems and aspirations of modern society. The number and the significance of these works are all the more impressive if we remember that, apart from his lyrics and ballads, which are beyond cavil, Goethe has produced little which from the merely formal point of view is not open to serious criticism.

First, of course, in order of spiritual significance, stands his "Faust." It would be folly to overlook the artistic defects of this drama, the looseness of its composition, the lack of proportion between the Gretchen episode and the rest of the First Part, the absence of outward atonement for Faust's guilt, the motley symbolism of the Second Part. But the fact remains that in all modern literature there is no poem which is so complete an embodiment of what is noblest in modern life: its restless activity, its incessant striving from lower spheres of existence to higher ones, from the sensuous to the spiritual, from enjoyment to work, from creed to deed, from self to humanity.

Goethe's "Faust" is a glorification of individual culture hallowed by devotion to collective tasks. Isolation, selfishness, negation, are shown to destroy themselves. Mephisto, the arch scoffer and deceiver, is defeated, because he has no conception of the all-conquering power of a steadfast purpose. Euphorion, the representative of uncontrolled fancy and willful aspiration, while presuming to soar to inaccessible heights, falls helpless to the ground. Faust is saved, because he makes every new experience a stepping-stone for a higher and more complete form of existence. Sin itself seems to ennoble him. After he has seen Gretchen in the dungeon, after he has been overwhelmed at the sight of her fate, by "mankind's collected woe," he seems to be raised above all lower desire. Henceforth his life belongs to the world at large, and every new temptation he turns into an opportunity for wider activity. He ends as a champion of democracy; his last vision is that of a free people living on a free soil; and, dying, he proclaims the redeeming power of ceaseless endeavor:

Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
The last result of wisdom stamps it true:
He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew.

Next to "Faust" stands "Wilhelm Meister." Here, again, it is easy to see artistic shortcomings. We often feel, in reading this book, as though we could not breathe in this atmosphere of erratic dilettanteism. We even feel something akin to contempt for these men and women who keep a most scrupulous account of their own precious emotions, who bestow the most serious consideration upon a host of insignificant trifles, and who, at the same time, only too often are found erring in the simplest question of right and wrong. With the exception of Mignon and Philine, the child of the past and the child of a day, there is not a single prominent character in the book capable of forgetting himself and living unreflectively for the homely duties of the present. But, while this is true, it is also true that the one ideal running through this book, the one goal for which nearly all of its leading characters are striving, is this very self-forgetfulness—self-forgetfulness as the result of fullest self-development and self-expansion.

This is an ideal so far removed from selfishness that it may be called the gospel of a secular Christianity. If the teaching of Christianity rests on the belief that every individual soul has within it the possibility of salvation, the teaching of "Wilhelm Meister" rests on the belief that every individual mind has within it a tendency toward complete manifestation

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of itself. The former preaches the necessity of individual salvation in order to bring about the kingdom of heaven, the latter preaches the necessity of individual self-development in order to raise mankind to a higher level. The former is democratic, the latter is aristocratic; but both are opposed to spiritual tyranny of any sort. To both the inner motive, the mental effort, the moral striving, are the things which decide the worth of a man. Both believe in the essential goodness of human nature, which makes it possible for us to preserve our better self even in error and sin; nay, to attain, through error and sin, to deeper insights and loftier ideals.

The third place among Goethe's larger works I should give to "The Elective Affinities." With the exception of Tolstoï's "Anna Karénina," I know of no other literary production which brings before us with equally inexorable truthfulness the tragic conflict between elemental instinct and the moral law. But while in Tolstoï's "Anna Karénina" we are confronted with utter hopelessness and annihilation, we are led in Goethe's "Elective Affinities" from moral ruin to moral victory. Ottilie, the heroine of the novel, is one of those sensitive natures to whom all knowledge comes by intuition, none through reflection; who act only under the stress of an irresistible impulse. Sure of her own feelings for Edward, assured, moreover, that Edward and Charlotte desire nothing more fervently than a divorce, she does not question the legitimacy of her feelings. Thus she lives on, in her dreamy, plant-like fashion, welcoming every opportunity of meeting her beloved, turning to him as to the light of day, unconscious of the catastrophe that awaits them both; but all of a sudden she comes to see that she has unwittingly sinned, and henceforth her only thought is expiation. She renounces the world; she is going to devote herself to the instruction of the young; for who is better fitted for guiding the young than he who through misfortune has come to know the joy of self-possession? And when she is thwarted in this through Edward's mad desire to win her at any cost, there is nothing left for her but to die. She dies like a saint, by the mere resolve not to live, passing over gradually and placidly into the sphere of the spiritual.

Had Goethe written nothing but "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," and "The Elective Affinities," he would have done enough to entitle him to the foremost place among the literary exponents of the modern view of the world as a living, spiritual organism. But it may truly be said that all his other works, from "Werther" to "Iphigenie," and from "Tasso" to the "Westöstlicher Divan," are imbued with this same exalted conception of human life. Probably no man ever looked at life from so broad a point of view and with so little bias; probably no man ever felt more deeply the divineness of the universe. And surely no other man of the last one hundred and fifty years has rounded out his own personality more consistently and completely.

It is wonderful to see how this personality passed through every conceivable phase of human development without ever losing or exhausting itself; so that the octogenarian could indeed, with the eagerness of a youth, look forward to death as the last and highest consummation. The storm-and-stress enthusiast changes into an admirer of classic antiquity, the impassioned poet into a patient investigator, the son of nature into a statesman and cabinet minister. But here the chain is not broken. The admirer of classic antiquity returns to the worship of the Middle Ages and revels in romantic melodies; the scientist turns poet once more, and glorifies in sublime rhythms the new conception of life which the study of nature has disclosed to him; the statesman becomes a patron of poetry and art, and lays the foundation of a truly national stage which at the same time is to embrace the best of all the literatures of the world. And thus is ushered in the last period of this great life, a period of complete universality, in which the smallest and the greatest, the oldest and the newest, the most distant and the nearest, nature and art, politics and religion, the life of the individual and that of nations, seem to lie spread out with equal clearness before the eye of the serene and joyful patriarch, while there is only one unfulfilled desire disturbing the calmness of his soul—the boundless and indomitable desire for the infinite. Truly, the commemoration of such a life as this belongs not to Germans alone, but to the whole civilized world.

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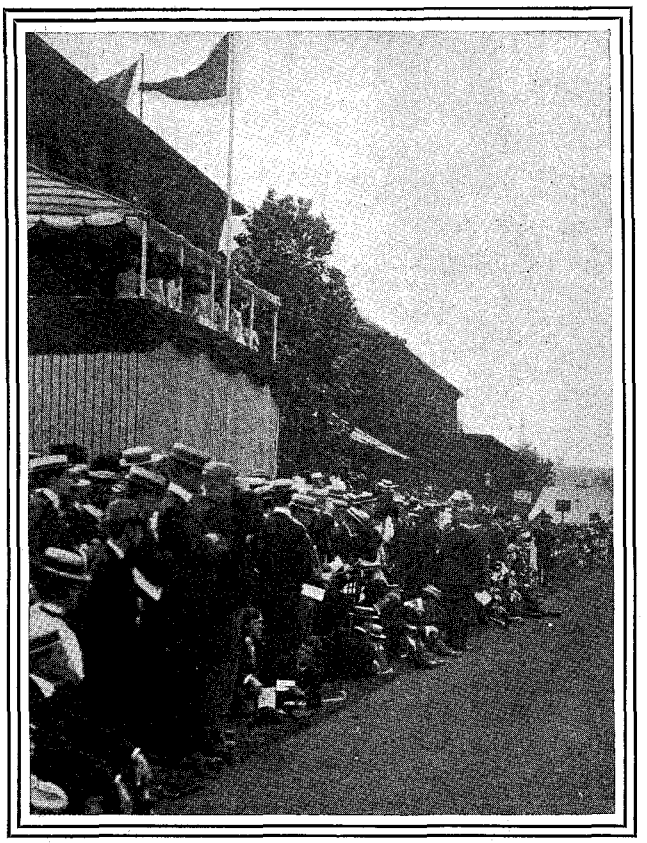
A Picturesque Athletic Contest

By Hamilton W. Mabie



THE ROYAL BOX
In it are the Prince of Wales, Duke and Duchess of York, and Mr. Choate.

THE results of the series of nine contests or trials of skill and strength between Oxford and Cambridge on the one side and Harvard and Yale on the other, at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, London, on the afternoon of Saturday, July 22, were known in the United States earlier by the clock than they were actually decided here, and will have been matter of history for weeks when this report appears in The Outlook; but the charm and significance of the day, the field, the combatants, and the audience will not soon fade from the memory of those who hung upon the issue of the final race as if it were of international moment. It was a struggle in every sense; for it was a well-fought fight, undetermined until the last three minutes of the long two hours and a half; but it was pre-eminently a struggle between friends. The undercurrent of good feeling was constantly manifesting itself in cheers and counter-cheers for work well done, whether done for one side or the other. There was something stirring in the spectacle of generous rivalry between the representative young men of two great countries. One could not but feel that there was something prophetic in it; an invisible background of unity which gave the contest of strength the harmony of strenuous struggle and entire good feeling.

This thought was happily expressed two days later in the columns of the London "Standard," a journal not given to exaggeration or sentimentality:

> But young men at the age of university students can mingle in the mimic strife of the cricket-field, the river, or the cinder path without any danger of lasting irritation being produced by failure, or boastful exultation by victory. It is in youth that the best friendships are formed between man and man, and likewise between men of different nations, before the suspicion, the cynicism, and the selfishness which may come in later years have disqualified the soil for the reception of more generous seeds. There are many causes of coolness, not only between different countries, but between class and class, which only greater familiarity between them is needed to disperse. Nothing but good is likely to result from the social approximation which is now springing up between those in whose hands will be the shaping of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Aside, however, from the significance of the meeting between Harvard and Yale and Oxford and Cambridge, the spectacle was full of interest and charm. The after-

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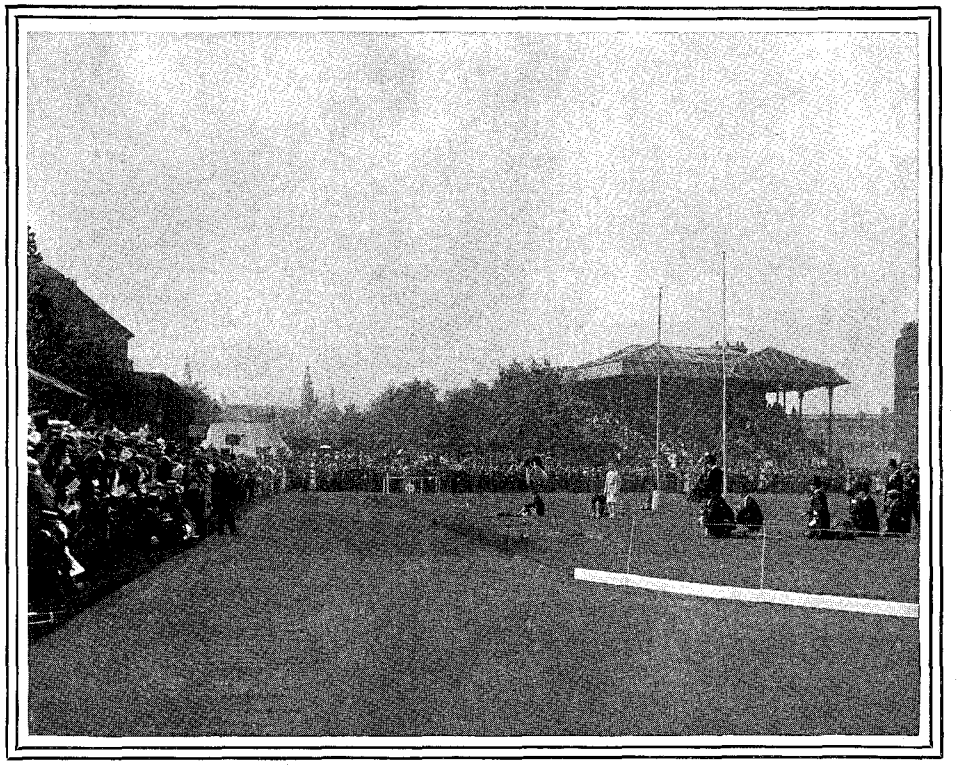

THE BROAD JUMP

C. J. Daly, Harvard, second. 22 feet 6 inches.

noon was warm to the point of discomfort; indeed, the heat had been so unusual for a succession of days that an almost unprecedented concession was made in the matter of dress. The morning papers announced that the Prince of Wales would not wear the customary frock coat and high hat—a hint which was promptly acted upon, and for once London saw a great concourse of gentlemen in short coats and straw hats. To many Americans the ubiquity of the straw hat, even on the stand set apart for Oxford and Cambridge, must have seemed in its way a most suggestive indication of the change of English feeling.

The heat, which Americans found less trying than their hosts, did not in the least interfere with the interest of the occasion, or diminish the crowds which streamed into the great field and inclosed it in deep lines of eager spectators. London is so vast that the concentration of ten thousand people at a given point does not sensibly lower the tide of moving life in any great thoroughfare; but to those who were going to West Kensington on that warm afternoon by carriage, hansom, "growler," "bus," or underground, it seemed as if the whole city were pouring itself westward. Cabs and carriages in continuous streams set down their occupants at the two entrances. The crowd was great, but there was no discomfort, and not the least disorder. Even the "half-crown crowd," which stood across one side of the field against the background of houses for three hours in the blazing sun, was not only patient but respectful. It was not a college crowd, and it mistook the American 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! early in the afternoon for irony, and attempted a very unsuccessful imitation of the familiar college cheer; but it soon found out its mistake, and was not slow to applaud American success.

At the head, or, as the English would say, the top, of the field was the stand reserved for the Blues—Oxford and Cambridge men and their friends; next came the royal box, in which appeared conspicuously the Prince of Wales and the American Ambassador—both affable and on easy terms with the distinguished com-

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THE ONE HUNDRED YARDS DASH
Won by J. F. Quinlan, Harvard, in 10 seconds.

pany about them, but Mr. Choate seemed a little more at home than any one else. To the right, straight across the long field, stretched the stands set apart to Yale and Harvard, and a stroll along the front of these stands made one wonder if anybody was at home in the States on that particular afternoon. It was an enthusiastic company, and, it may be added, a very good-looking one. He who failed to think well of American girls on that walk must have been dead not only to patriotic feeling, but to many and obvious charms of feature, carriage, and dress. Across the bottom of the field stretched a dense mass of "half-crown" witnesses, including many university men, but made up largely of men and youths attracted by the element of contest; on the opposite side of the field, and completing the immense quadrangle, was the general stand, and a long stretch of level track.

Long before the first hammer was thrown the great field was full to overflowing; the strains from the band stationed in front of the royal box were softened by the distance, while edges and outlines everywhere were a little dimmed by the rays of the heat. The place was so large and the distance to be traversed so long that one wondered if any contagion of feeling would cross the wide spaces; but, again and again, as the contests went on, cheers seemed to roll in waves around the great quadrangle. At the upper end of the field were two flagstaffs, and the alternate appearance of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack was greeted with peals of applause from parts of the field so remote that they seemed like peals of distant thunder.

The men, as they came strolling into the field, were watched with deep interest; Oxford and Cambridge distinguishable by the white dress of the men, trimmed with light or dark blue, the Harvard and Yale representatives in crimson or blue "sweaters." The Americans were confident of their ability to make a great fight, and were not without hope of winning five of the nine events. As so often happens, they failed at the very point where they were most confident of success. It was assumed that the half-mile race

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would fall to Harvard, and this belief seemed to be shared by the Englishmen. To the surprise of both sides, the race went to a Cambridge man. If Harvard had come in first, the Stars and Stripes would have gone to the head of the staff five times instead of one, and there would have been a great American jubilee in London that evening.

The fates had, however, decreed otherwise, and the Americans were obliged to be content with the consciousness that they had given their competitors a deal of good, hard work. The hundred yards race, the hurdle race, the high jump, and throwing the hammer went to the Americans, and when the last event on the programme was reached the contest was still undecided. The runners were conscious that they had a three-mile race before them, and started off at an easy pace, the Englishmen a little in the lead, with the Americans at their heels. For two miles there was no change of position, although two men dropped out. When the runners entered on the last mile the interest began to deepen, and when, on the second lap of the final mile, Yale suddenly passed Cambridge and took the lead, a half-mile of American enthusiasm broke into ecstatic shouts. But the advance could not be held; with an ease which drew cheers from friend and foe alike, the Cambridge runner suddenly shot ahead of his competitor, and, in a vast circle of excited spectators, completed the course and won the race.

Then came the most picturesque moment in the day; the moment when the crowd, disregarding all barriers, swept in one great wave across the field in a frantic desire to honor the victor. The latter was protected by his friends from an enthusiasm which was likely to become uncomfortable if suffered to rise to its full height. That mob of young men represented the best life of two countries, and its generous zeal to honor success won by hard work was characteristic of the English race on both sides of the sea. The crowd melted away as quietly as it had gathered; and the great field, which has been the scene of so many well-fought fights, was soon as quiet as those other fields, far from the great city, where larks were rising that warm summer afternoon.

The courtesies shown the Americans after the games were many, and of a kind which seemed to express the kinship which the best Englishmen are recognizing upon all occasions. The men were of a kind to give their countrymen genuine satisfaction. They stood for the best in bearing and manners as well as in opportunity. There was, apparently, little to choose between the representatives of the English and American universities. The men were conspicuously well-made, wholesome, and attractive, with the unmistakable look of gentlemen. Athletics are often overdone; but the self-restraint, discipline, and hard work which lie behind such contests as those at Kensington show the fiber which has given the English-speaking race pre-eminence, not only in influence, but in responsibility in the affairs of the world.

London, July, 1899.

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General the Marquis de Gallifet

The most picturesque figure in the French army is the War Secretary, General the Marquis de Gallifet. He is almost seventy years old. He took part in all the wars of Napoleon III., and in the last one with Germany was as dashing and gallant as in the first one with Russia. He was only twenty-five years old when he was specially mentioned in an order of the day for his heroism before Sebastopol and named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He fought in Africa, Italy, and Mexico. In the last-named country he received a ghastly wound at Pueblo. In 1871 he ruthlessly put down the Commune; it was alleged that he shot down rebels without trial. Hence, when he went into the Chamber of Deputies the other day the old Communists cried: "A bas l'assassin!" (Down with the assassin!) During the yearly army maneuvers he has astonished every one by his wonderful skill as a strategist. He is the greatest authority in Europe on cavalry tactics. He has long been an intimate friend of Colonel Picquart. When General de Gallifet accepted the War Secretaryship in the present Ministry there was, therefore, a great deal of opposition among the anti-Picquart people and among the anti-Dreyfusards. To them the doughty old General remarked: "I am very much honored and in nowise frightened."

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The Cadger-Boy's Last Journey[1]

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

HIS poor mother, after blessing herself with the little brass cross upon her beads, arose from her knees and took again her customary seat by Hughie's bedside. Hughie, who had been lying in a state of obliviousness rather than sleep, had his faculties recalled even by the very little noise his mother's motion made. Her gaze was bent upon her lap, where her hands, still holding the beads, lay limply. For several minutes Hughie watched her, noting the weary and worn look which had asserted itself on her features.

"Mother!" Hughie said at length.

His mother started. "Hughie, *a leanbh*,[2] sure I thought it was sleepin' ye were. What is it ye want, *a theagair?*"[3]

"Mother, what time is it in the night?"

"It's atween an hour an' two hours afther midnight, son."

"Mother," Hughie said, "the heart o' ye is bruck with this weary sittin' up with me every night—"

"Arrah, Hughie, Hughie!" his mother said, upbraidingly, "what is it ye're sayin'! Whisht with ye, for God's sake!"

"Och, I know it, mother—I know it. If ye hadn't a holy saint's patience, an' God's helpin' han', ye'd 'a' given in long ago."

"What's come over ye, Hughie, to be givin' such nonsense out of ye? Sure, it's not want to put pain on me ye do, is it?"

"What day i' the week's this, tell me, mother?"

"This? It's Friday night."

"Friday night. An' it was on a Monday evenin' I lay down. Mother, was it nine weeks or ten last Monday evenin'? I'm beginnin' to lose count i' the weeks lately meself."

"Och, I don't know, Hughie. Sure, that's all God's will, dear."

"I know it's God's will, mother—an' God's will be done. I b'leeve it's ten weeks; an' if it was his will that it should be ten times ten weeks, *I* could bear the sickness. But then, the sickness i' the body is nothin'—nothin' at all—to the soreness i' the heart. An' it's *you* has to bear that. That's what puts worst on me, mother dear."

"Do ye want to put pain on me, Hughie?"

"Och, mother, don't be talkin' that way. Sure I know, an' I can't help knowin' the pains on ye. Ye're as brave a mother—there's no denyin'—as ever was; but let the bravest i' them come through all you come through for the ten weeks gone, an' suffer all you suffered, an' never for all that time sthretch themselves six times upon a bed—let the bravest i' the mothers do that, an' see what heart they'll have at the end of it."

"Och, Hughie, Hughie, *a mhic!*[1] I can't stand ye at all, at all. You mane to br'ak me patience now, at any rate."

"No, mother, I don't. But if I didn't say much all the time I've been lyin' on me back here, I was thinkin'—thinkin' a great dale. An' when I go, mother—och, don't mother! Mother, dear, don't go for to cry lake that or ye'll throuble me sore! Sure ye know yerself I must go. Didn't Father Mick tell us both it was God's will, an' be reconciled to it? An' didn't you yourself give in that ye were reconciled to it? An' surely I have a good right to be if you are. Mother, when I go I'll have with me the knowledge of the brave woman ye were, an' of all ye sthrove with an' suffered, an' of how ye did yer seven bests to let no wan see the throubles the heart of ye was comin' through. I'll carry that knowledge to heaven with me, mother dear."

His mother could not answer him, for she was striving hard with the tide of grief which swelled in her bosom and struggled for outlet.

Little Hughie was, to-night, possessed by an exceptionally talkative mood.

"If ye sthruggle on, with God's help, mother, for another year, wee Donal, he'll

[1] Copyright, 1899, by the Outlook Company. All rights reserved.

[2] My child, pron. *à lanniv*.

[3] My treasure, pron. *à haigur*.

[1] My son.

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be able an' sthrong an' wise enough then to go on the road."

Little Donal was then lying at Hughie's back, between him and the wall, and sleeping peacefully.

"Wee Donal 'll then be able to take the road with the powny an' cart; an' wee Donal 'll be as good a son, an' betther, to ye, mother, than ever I was. Though, I never kep' any money I could help, mother, barrin' (as I toul' ye the other night—an' as I confessed to Father Mick)—barrin' three ha'pence for tibacky, days I got good sale for the fish. But I couldn't do without the tibacky, mother, wanst I give myself the bad habit. Och, mother, if you would only know lonely nights that I'd be thravelin' *dhreich*[1] an' lonely roads, an' me, too, hungrier than I'd wish—if you would only know the comfort an' the company the tibacky was to me, I knew ye'd forgive me, keepin' an odd wee three ha'pence for it. Now wouldn't ye, mother?"

"Och, Hughie! Och, Hughie!"

"I just knew the kindly heart i' ye couldn't do else than forgive me. But I know, too, I should have always axed yer laive afore I started out on me journey—axed yer laive to let me buy the tibacky for meself. But ye always were so dead again' us smokin' that I was always the coward to ax ye.

"An', ay, many's the long an' many's the *dhreich* journey, mother, me an' the powny had with our wee cart i' fish. An', thank God, many's the pleasant journey, too—far, far more of that sort than of the *dhreich* wans. I mind me many's the lovely moonlight night when we thraveled along the white mountain road goin' through to Pettigo, or goin' up to Enniskillen an' to Cavan. An' where there'd be miles an' miles of that road through the Pettigo mountains where there wasn't a house or a house, or you wouldn't meet a sinner in broad day, let alone i' the night, I used not to have wan bit fear, mother. You always shook the holy wather on me when I had me cap lifted, blissin' meself afore I left the doore without; an' then, when that time i' night come that I thought yous was sayin' the Rosary here at home, an' I'd have got on me good lonely part i' the road, I'd take me cap in me han' an' I'd say me own wee prayers as me an' the powny jogged on, an' afther that I'd know no fear, no matther howsomiver lonesome it might be. An', och, mother, the lonesomeness, in the middle i' the mountains on a clear moonlight night, had somethin' gran' about it."

"Hughie, *a thaisge*,[1] I hope ye're not disthressin' yerself talkin'," his mother said, laying a gentle hand on his forehead.

"Oh no, mother! Oh no, mother! It does me good to think over them things now, an' have you listenin' to me. But then, mother dear, maybe it's too tired to listen ye are?"

"Oh no, Hughie; no, Hughie *a mhic*. Tell on—I'd never be tired listenin' to ye."

"Thanky, mother. Och, mother, many an' many's the beautiful journey I had with me wee cart i' fish, if I only begun to tell ye them, settin' off here afore nightfall, an' thravelin' all night, an' bein' in Sthrabane market or maybe Enniskillen market next day, an' sellin' out me wee load, an' maybe clearin' ten or twelve or maybe sometimes fifteen shillin's, an' then, afther a good rest an' a good hearty male, not forgettin' poor Johnnie, startin' on thravelin' back for home the nixt night again, with me gains in me pocket—as happy as the son of a prence; an' havin' an odd wee sleep in the bed i' the cart, too."

"Och, Hughie, it was gran' surely, an' no mistake."

"Ah, *gran'* was no name for it, mother! An' then, too, at the boats—when they came in, the men always give me such bargains, bekase of whose son I was."

"They did, *a mhic*. They did, Hughie, *a thaisge*. God bliss them, an' reward them."

"God bliss them over again, an' reward them, mother. They couldn't be kinder to me. An' I often thought it was betther, afther all, that ye wouldn't let me join a boat meself, mother."

"No, no, Hughie, *a gradh!* No, I wouldn't. Not afther yer poor father, *a gradh!* No, no! God rest him!"

"God rest him, mother! God rest him! An' small wondher you wouldn't let wan belongin' to ye go upon the sae again. It's a cruel, thracherous sae, mother, God knows! Mother dear, don't cry. What's done can't be undone."

"Ay, ay, Hughie. Ay, a cruel, thrach-

[1] Tedious.

[1] My store.

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erous sae. But, for all that, we can't say much about it, Hughie—we can't say much about it. Where would we, an' where would all our neighbors be, but for it?"

"That's right, mother. That's right. That's what I've always sayed when I heerd them complainin' again' it, that, like you, lost their nearest an' dearest be it. It's ill our comin'[1] to say a hard word again' the sae. Mother, open the doore."

"For what, *a leanbh?* Are you too warm, *a paisdin?*"[2]

"No; but I want to see the sae, an' to hear it. There's a moon, isn't there?"

"Yis, Hughie dear; there's a moon, an' a bright wan, thank God," his mother said, going to the door and opening it wide.

"Mother, are ye too tired to rise me up a wee thrifle in the bed, an' let me head rest in yer lap, till I see out?"

"Tired? No, no, Hughie. No, no. Aisy, *a mhic*—gently now. Don't sthress yerself, *a paisdin mhilis.* There now, there now, lay yer head there. Now can ye see the sae away below thonder (yonder)?"

"Yis, yis, mother, thank God. I see it—I see it. The yalla moonlight baitin' down on it has it like flowin' goold. Oh, mother, it's beautiful!"

"It is beautiful, *a theagair*—beautiful!"

The Widow Cannon's house was far up on the Ardaghey hillside, and the sea out at Inver bar and beyond was plainly visible through the door from the corner in which was placed Hughie's bed. A muffled music, too, could be heard ascending from the bar.

Hughie lay quietly gazing, gazing.

After a while two yawls were plainly seen far out darting athwart the yellow path which the moon laid along the waters.

"The boats," Hughie said, "are aff,[3] mother, the night."

"Yis, Hughie; they're aff."

Then Hughie again relapsed into silence, watching and thinking. A smile of sweet content, his mother saw with gladness, gradually grew upon his countenance and played about his glistening eyes. And presently, to the sweet murmur of the bar, his eyes closed, and he slept.

[1] It ill becomes us.
[2] My little boy.
[3] Off; *i. e.*, at the fishing grounds.

The Widow Cannon stirred not one little bit, lest she should disturb the poor boy's slumber—his first for many days and nights. But her lips began to move again in prayer, and a disengaged hand to tell the beads. Occasionally her eyes were turned up to heaven, but mostly they rested upon the now placid, smiling countenance of her poor boy, who slept on.

"Mother?"

"Yis, *a mhilis?*[1] Is it awake ye are?"

"Why, was it sleepin' I was, mother dear?"

"Ay, sleepin', *a mhic dhilis.* A sweet sleep."

"There ye are—an' I thinkin' I went through it all."

"What, darlin'? Was it dhraimin' ye were?"

"Ay, dhraimin' I suppose it must 'a' been. But I thought—mother!"

"What is it now, *a mhic?*"

"Who's callin'?"

"I hear no wan callin', Hughie dear."

"Listen! Don't ye hear? Hear to that! Who's that? What's that?"

"That? Oh, that's the bar, Hughie dear—that's only the bar ye hear."

"Is it the bar? Well, mother, as I was sayin', I thought I had got up an' fed Johnnie, an' then pulled out the rakin's i' the fire, an' made myself a dhrop i' tay in the porringer, an' then harnesshed Johnnie, an' yocked him, an' away with the both of us away to the sthran', to see if the boats was in. An' when we got to the sthran' there wasn't a boat in yet, nor there wasn't a cadger come upon the sthran' with powny or donkey. An' then I saw it was the moon was shinin' bright upon the wathers, makin' it look near like day. There was the big white sthran' sthretchin' from me to the right an' to the left, with niver another sowl on it but meself an' Johnnie, the powny. An' the Inver Warren over beyont me; an' the Fanaghan banks risin' up black behin' me; an' the full tide washin' in an' br'akin' in wee ripples that had a dhreamy, sing-song sound, at me feet. An' then, far, far away, away out on the wather, I could see the yawls an' the boats hard at the fishin'. An' all at wanst, mother, while I was lookin', what does I see but wan

[1] My sweet.

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particular boat comin' glidin' in swift, sthraight along the sort of yalla river that the moon made from where the wathers an' the skies met, right up to my feet; in along this goolden river I sees the boat comin' faster an' faster, far faster than any of the boats ever does; an' it was comin' rowin' right up towards where I was. I seen there was a lady all in white in the bow i' the boat, an' when it come near she was standin' up an' callin' me with her finger. An' she looked iver such a beautiful lady, mother, when they come nearer still. An' when they did come nearer, into within wadin' distance, an' they turned the boat roun' so that they faced me, an' shipped their oars, I knew every wan was in the boat. An', mother dear, who was it but me father was at the helm! me father himself! An' James an' Pathrick Magroarty was on the afther oars! an' Feargal McCue on the second bow! Just the very four, mother, that went down in me father's boat. An' Micky Dinnien, that got saved, his oar it was lyin' along the thafts with no wan to pull it!

"But the most curious part of the thing, mother, was that I wasn't wan bit surprised to see them. Lookin' at them there, I knew right well—minded right well—that they were dhrownded; but, all the same, I somehow thought they were still alive—ye know, mother, how dhraims does go that way?"

"Yis, Hughie; yis, Hughie. O God rest their souls, Hughie!"

"God rest them, mother. Well, as I sayed, when the boat come as far as to be near groundin', they swung her round, be Feargal McCue *shewin'* on his oar. An' then me father, he rises from the helm, an' he says, 'Hughie,' says he, 'we're short of a han' since we lost Micky Dinnien' (him was saved, mind you, mother)—'short of a han',' says he, 'since we lost Micky Dinnien,' an'—mother, do ye hear?"

"What! what! *a stoir mo chroidhe?*[1] What is it?"

"Who's that callin', mother? Listen! Now—hear it now!"

"Hughie, Hughie, *a thaisge*, that's the bar ye hear again. The noise is risin' an' fallin', as ye know it always does. That's the bar, *a paisdin.*"

"Is it the bar, mother? It sounds to me very like some wan callin'—very. Well, mother, as I was tellin' ye, me father he says, 'We're short of a han' since we lost Micky Dinnien, and we can come but poor speed on the fishin' grounds. We seen you, Hughie, come down with the powny to the sthran', an' we rowed in, to take ye aboord. Will ye step in like a good chile, Hughie, and pull on the bow oar for us?' But I minded, mother, how you promised, an' made me promise, I'd never take to the fishin' afther what happened; so I had to refuse him. 'Father,' says I, 'I'd like to do as ye ax me, an' take the bow oar, but I can't—I can't. Ye know,' says I, 'how me poor mother's so dead again my ever goin' in wan i' the boats; and ye know her poor oul' heart it's nigh bruck already; an' I'll never have it sayed that *I* was the manes of br'akin' it out an' out.' 'An' God bliss ye, me son, for mindin' yer poor mother's wishes so,' says me father back again. An' with that, mother, who should appear but yourself up on the bank above me, an' ye called down to me: 'Go with yer father, Hughie—go with ye poor father.' I was ever so glad when I got your laive to go, for I was burning to go. I threw me arms roun' Johnnie's neck, an' I called to ye, 'Mother, come you down an' take Johnnie home, an' don't forget him while me an' me father's aff.' The white lady she was standin' up in the bow of the boat now, and she was wavin' her hands to me to come. 'Come, Hughie,' she calls; 'come, wee Hughie! the tide's laivin', and we'll get sthranded when we should be on the fishin' grounds.' I waded into the wather immediately an' out to the boat—and I was just almost beside the boat—within a step of it or two, an' the beautiful white lady had her hands sthretched out, to give me a help in over the bows, an' I was sthretchin' out my hands tor'st her, when there's comes a smooth swell that shook an' staggered me where I stood, an' I thought I'd 'a' fallen backwards—but the white lady at that sthretched out further to help me, when I wakened!

"Mother, wasn't that or not a wondherful dhraim?"

"Yis; wondherful it was, Hughie—mighty wondherful, me poor fella. It was a very sthrange, oncommon dhraim. An' Micky Dinnien's oar, too, was idle! And they sayin' they'd lost Micky!"

[1] Store of my heart.

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"That was the very thing, mother, I thought strangest of all."

"Hughie, we'll say a Pather-an'-avvy for the rest of yer father's sowl, an' the sowls of the crew."

'Yis, mother, do."

Then the widow slowly intoned the "Our Father," and Hughie took it up fervently at "Give us this day," and the widow poured forth her soul in the "Hail Mary! full of grace," while poor, wasted, emaciated Hughie clasped his hands and with streaming eyes strenuously pleaded a "Holy Mary, Mother of God;" and both then chorused joyously a "*Glory be to the Fa'her, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, Amen.*"

"Mother," said Hughie, "I'll sleep."

"Sleep then, *a chuisle mo chroidhe*,[1] sleep. Thank God," said his mother.

And ere she had finished the sentence Hughie's eyes had closed, and he was again asleep. She still held in her lap his head, as she had done now for upward of two hours. She bent down and left a light kiss on his pale brow.

"Mother, is that you, there?"

"Yis, Hughie, *a leanbh*. Are ye aisy?"

"Mother, what are ye doin' there? Who's callin', mother?"

"I'm only aisin' yer head, Hughie, holdin' it up—an' restin' meself sittin' here. There's no wan callin', Hughie. That's the bar, ye hear."

"Oh, but there's some wan callin'—callin' me, mother. Listen to it!" Hughie's voice was very low.

"Hughie, *a mhilis*, no. It's the bar. Sure yer own mother knows."

"Is it near mornin', mother? What time is it?"

"It's near mornin', Hughie. The first sthreaks is on the sky."

"The first sthreaks on the sky, an' me lyin' here! an' the boats in! Mother, what day's this? What's come over me, anyhow, that I've lost the memory o' what day it is?"

"This is Monday mornin', Hughie, *a thaisge*."

"An' the morra's market-day in Enniskillen—isn't it, mother?"

"I suppose so, Hughie, I suppose so. But, *a thaisge*, don't, don't be disthressin' yerself about them things."

[1] Pulse of my heart.

"Och, mother, mother, it's not here I should be lyin' at this time in the mornin'—an' I havin' to go buy me load yet, an' be as far as Pettigo afore nightfall, an' be goin' up Enniskillen sthreet with the first light the morra mornin'. Mother, mother, let me up. Put me on a dhrop i' tay, an' butter me a bit of oat-cake, an' I'll give a grain i' corn to poor Johnnie. Mother, why don't ye let me up, I say? The boats is in two hours ago. Look out. There isn't a sign i' wan of them on the wather!"

"Whisht, whisht! Oh, Hughie, *a thaisge*, whisht an' lie quiet. Don't ye know, *a grádh*, ye're *far through* with the sickness? Oh, Hughie, *a paisdin*, whisht, whisht with ye!"

"Mother, I must be on the market pavement of Enniskillen this time the morra mornin'. Mother, why will ye hould me, an' you hearin' them callin'? Don't ye hear, mother? Don't ye hear? 'Hughie! Hughie! Hughie!' Don't ye hear them, mother?"

"Och, Hughie i' me heart, lie down quiet. Or what's comin' over ye, Hughie? No, no, Hughie! ye musn't, ye can't go for to rise, *a leanbh!*"

"Hear to them, mother! Hear to them! 'Hughie! Hughie! Hughie!' Don't ye hear? Ay! ay! Och, call you from the doore for me, mother—call you, mother dear, for my voice'll not let me call loud, whatever's come on it. Call 'Ay!' mother, an' tell them I'm comin' as soon as poor Johnnie's fed."

"Yis, Hughie, *a thaisge*, yis. If you lie quiet I'll call to them."

"Mother, what do ye mane? Lie quiet! an' the boats in!—an' the light on the sky—an' me havin' to be goin' up Enniskillen sthreet this time the morra mornin', mother!—forty long mile, an' a tiresome journey for poor Johnnie. It's a long journey, mother, but—I—must—"

His poor mother had to force Hughie back upon the bed. It didn't take much force, indeed. Then he became quiet, suddenly. The look of anxiety and unrest slowly passed from his features. His two hands closed in a faster clasp upon one hand of his mother, which in the struggle he had caught. A smile of sweet peace settled upon his white, wasted face, and the cadger-boy started upon his last journey.

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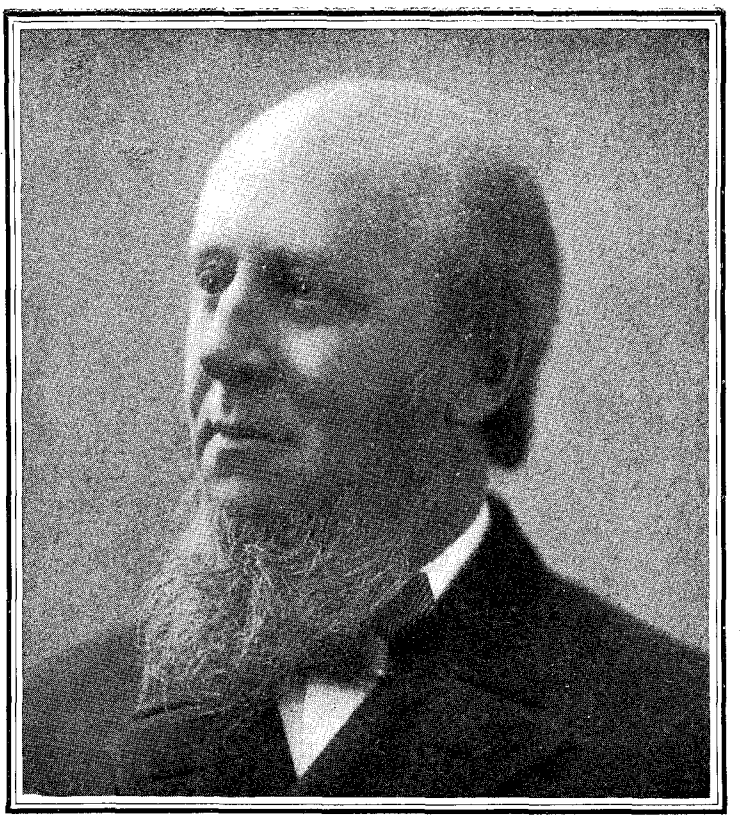

THE HON. JAMES B. ANGELL
President of the Council

International Council of Congregationalists

By Amory H. Bradford

CONGREGATIONALISM was the Church polity of the Pilgrim Fathers and of the early days in New England. At one time in the history of our country it numbered more adherents than any other form of ecclesiastical government; and at all times it has been conspicuous for the intelligence of its members, the intellectual strength of its leaders, the amount of its gifts for charities and missions, and in its influence on the life of the Nation. For a hundred years after the landing of the Pilgrims it was the dominant Church polity of the New World. To-day the number who prefer this form of government is much larger than those who bear its name.

All Baptists are Congregationalists, as are also Unitarians, Universalists, and the large and rapidly growing body known as Disciples of Christ. The Episcopalian and Presbyterian communions have felt the influence of Congregationalism, and in many respects are as distinctly independent as the descendants of the Pilgrims themselves.

One of the claims of those who advocate the unity of Christendom on the basis of the Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral is that the Episcopalian body has practically united Congregationalism with Episcopacy; while one of the most eminent officials of the Methodist Episcopal Church not many years ago thought it necessary to warn his people against the Congregationalizing tendencies which are at work in American Methodism. Considered as a body whose adherents may be counted, it has a respectable but not the first place among modern Protestant com-

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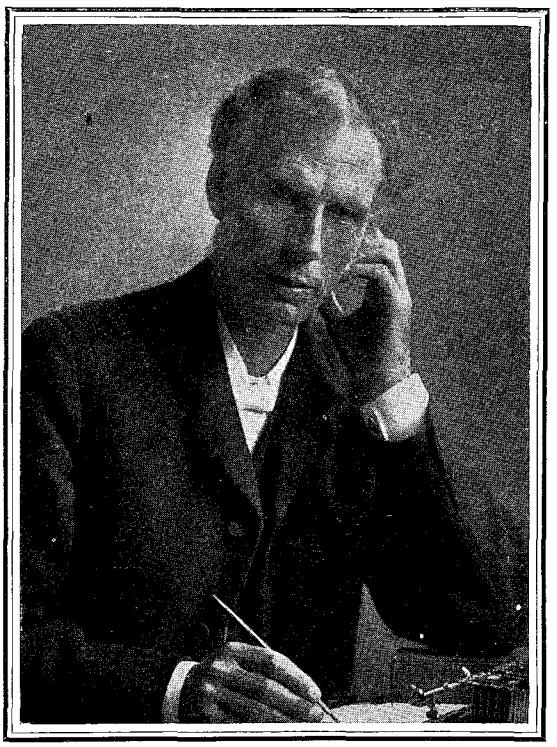
munions; considered as an atmosphere, it is doubtful if any other Christian denomination is so pervasive or influential.

The first International Council of Congregationalists was held in London in 1891. Its President was the late lamented Robert W. Dale, D.D., of Birmingham, England. It is difficult to say positively where the suggestion of such a gathering was first heard. It was mentioned by Drs. Hannay, of London, and Dexter, of Boston, at the National Council at St. Louis. It seems to have assumed a more definite form at a meeting of Australian Congregationalists some time later. It was surely advocated in Canada. Perhaps the feeling that the time had arrived for world-wide co-operation was atmospheric and simultaneous. At the meeting in London, in 1891, delegates to the number of three hundred were in attendance; one hundred from the British Islands, one hundred from the United States, and one hundred from the rest of the world. That first gathering was memorable in many ways. The papers presented were of enduring value. The consecrated scholarship of the denomination was well represented. Among the memorable papers and addresses were those of the President, Dr. Dale, on "The Divine Life in Man;" that of the late Professor Stearns, of Bangor, Me., on "The Outlook in Theology;" the sermon by Dr. Goodwin, of Chicago, which was especially remarkable for its ultra-Calvinism; the closing addresses by Drs. W. E. Griffis and Joseph Parker, and the various speeches and addresses of Principal Fairbairn. Since that meeting the inroads of death have been many and serious. Drs. Dale and Allon, Professor Stearns, Principals Reynolds and Neuth, the Rev. Herber Evans, the inspired Welshman; Thomas Green, W. F. Clarkson, and many others, have entered into the larger life.



THE REV. H. ARNOLD THOMAS

The second Council will meet in Boston beginning September 20. The President will be the Hon. James B. Angell, LL.D., President of Michigan University, and the preacher will be the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., Principal of Mansfield College, at Oxford, England. The officers are selected by the Committee of Arrangements. At the last meeting of the Council the President was an Englishman and the preacher an American. The Committee on the Programme for the approaching gathering is constituted as follows: the Rev. Drs. G. A. Gordon, A. E. Dunning, Arthur Little, and H. A. Hazen, of Boston; P. S. Moxom, of Springfield, and Amory H. Bradford, of Montclair. The Council will number four hundred, of whom two hundred will be from the United States. No business will be transacted except a little that may have reference to its own perpetuation. The sessions will be entirely occupied with the presentation of papers on the great practical and speculative subjects which have relation to the religious life of the individual and to the kingdom of God. After the delivery of the prepared addresses there will be opportunity for discussion of nearly all the subjects by the members of the Council.

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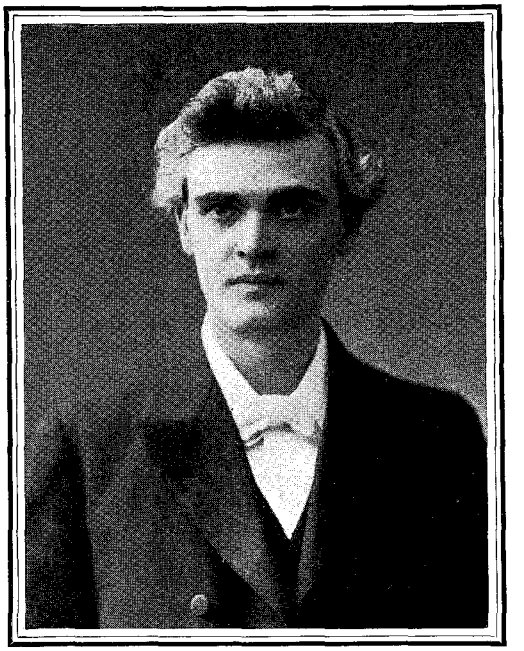
The following outline will convey a hint of what the meetings will be. The first evening will be devoted to a reception, at which there will be speaking by the Governor of the Commonwealth, the Mayor of the City, and the address by the President of the Council, the Hon. James B. Angell.



THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL

Thursday—*Morning:* Fundamental Principles in Theology, Dr. George Harris. Message of the Old Testament for To-day, Professor F. C. Porter. *Afternoon:* The Historical Method in Theology, Dr. George P. Fisher. Theology the Order of Nature, the Rev. Professor Alexander Grosman. The Evangelical Principle of Authority, Dr. P. T. Forsyth. *Evening:* Sermon, Principal A. M. Fairbairn.

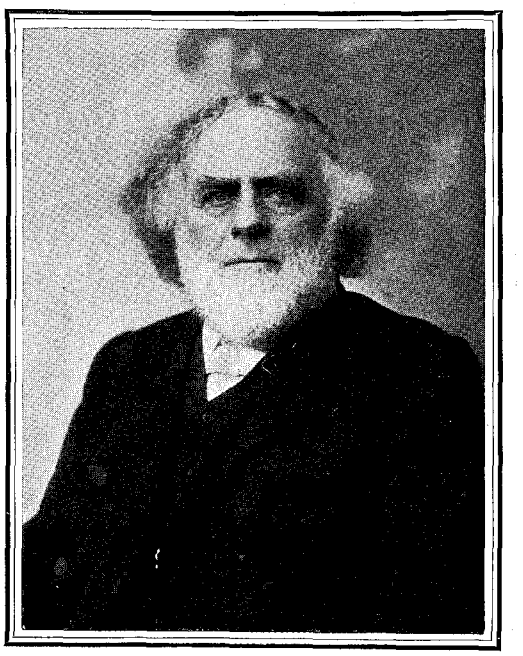
Friday—*Morning:* The Christian Idea of the State, Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P. Municipal Government as a Sphere for the Christian Man, Messrs. W. Crosfield, J.P., and Samuel B. Capen. *Evening:* Distinctive Characteristics of Christianity, the Rev. Messrs. Charles R. Brown and John D. Jones. The Influence of the Study of Other Religions upon Christian Theology, Dr. Fairbairn.

Saturday—*Morning:* The Church in Social Reforms, Albert Spicer, Esq., M.P., and Professor Graham Taylor, D.D. *Afternoon:* An excursion to Salem.

Sunday—*Morning:* No session. *Afternoon:* The Lord's Supper at the Old South Church.

Monday—*Morning:* Tendencies of Modern Education, Professor John Massie, M.A., J. P., and the Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell. *Afternoon:* The Influence of Our Public Schools on the Caste Spirit, Drs. F. A. Noble and L. D. Bevan. The Religious Motive in Education as Illustrated in the History of American Colleges, President W. J. Tucker. *Evening:* Addresses by eminent educators—Presidents Eliot, Hyde, Slocum, and Henry Hopkins, D.D.

Tuesday—*Morning:* The Pastoral Function, Congregational and Civic, the Rev. W. B. Selbie, M.A., and Dr. Reuen Thomas. The Spiritual Life in Our Churches, the Rev. Joseph Robertson. *Afternoon:* Woman's Work, Mrs. E. Armitage and Miss Margaret J. Evans. Woman's Work in Foreign Missions, Dr. Grace Kimball. *Evening:* The Young People, Drs. C. H. Patton, C. E. Jefferson, and Rev. C. Sylvester Horne.



DR. JOHN BROWN

Wednesday—*Morning:* Obligations and Opportunities of Congregationalism: In Great Britain, Robert Bruce, D.D.; In America, Professor Williston Walker; In Canada, Dr. J. H. George; In Victoria, the Rev. John J. Halley; in other countries, speakers to be named. Scottish Congregationalism, the Rev. James Stark, D.D. *Afternoon:* Independence and Fellowship, Drs. A. J. Lyman and John Brown. Duty of the Stronger to the Weaker Churches, Rev. H. Arnold Thomas. *Evening:* Reception by the Congregational Club. Greetings from Other Denominations: Bishop Lawrence, Drs. A. H. Strong, C. Cuthbert Hall, F. G. Peabody, and a Methodist representative.

Thursday—*Morning:* International Relations and Responsibilities, Dr. Lyman Abbott. The Christian Attitude Toward War in the Light of Recent Events, Dr. Alexander Mackennal. *Afternoon:* Adap-

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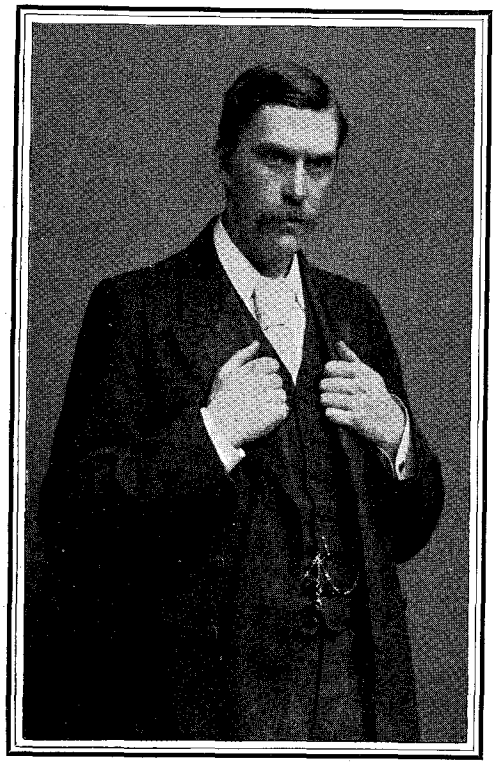
tation of Methods to New Conditions in Foreign Missions, the Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson. The Permanent Motive in Missionary Work, Dr. Charles M. Lamson, and a missionary to be named. *Evening:* The Living Christ, Alfred Cave, D.D. The Holy Spirit in the Churches, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.

Friday—An excursion to Plymouth.

The American speakers are so well known to the readers of The Outlook that I will limit my introduction to the visitors from abroad.

A prevalent opinion among those who have mingled only with members of the Anglican communion is that Nonconformists in England may be very good people, but that they are narrow, commonplace, commercial, and belong mainly to the lower orders of English society. The delusion, which has been carefully nourished by the friends of the Establishment, will disappear in the presence of the cultured and eloquent men who will represent the English Congregational churches at the approaching Council. There are no choicer spirits in any communion than those who hold to the Pilgrim principles in Old England. For convenience I will divide those who will attend the meetings into four groups—the elder ministers, those of middle age, the younger, and, lastly, the laymen.



THE REV. C. SYLVESTER HORNE

In the group of the elders I find the names of a great quartette of scholars and preachers. The first place belongs to the man to whom more than to any other now living this Council owes its existence and success, Alexander Mackennal, D.D., of Bowdon, Cheshire. Dr. Mackennal was the Secretary at the first Council, and will be the English Vice-President of the second. The church of which he is pastor is near Manchester, in one of the most beautiful residential districts of England. A common saying runs something as follows, "Not every man can be Vicar of Bowdon." Few ministers in more conspicuous centers wield so large an influence as Dr. Mackennal from his suburban parish. He has represented the English churches at two of our National Councils, namely, the one at Worcester and the one at Portland, Ore. He has been Chairman of the Union of England and Wales, and was selected as the successor of Dr. Hannay as Secretary of that body—an honor which he declined. He is now perhaps the chief statesman of English Congregationalism. The second member of this quartette is the most eminent theologian now living among English-speaking people, Dr. Fairbairn, of Oxford. No other theological teacher of our time has so wide an influence as this Oxford Professor, whose voice has been heard not only in England but also in this country, and who has just returned from his duties as Haskell lecturer in India. Dr. Fairbairn will be the preacher of the Council, and will also speak on Comparative Religion, of which subject he is a master.

The third member of the quartette is Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, the biographer of Bunyan and the historian of the Pilgrim Fathers. He is the pastor of the famous "Bunyan Church." In his fair city in the Midlands he has lived until his name has become the pride of his fellow-citizens, while Dissenters and Churchmen alike delight to do honor to the man and his ministry. In historical scholarship, spiritual insight, and charm

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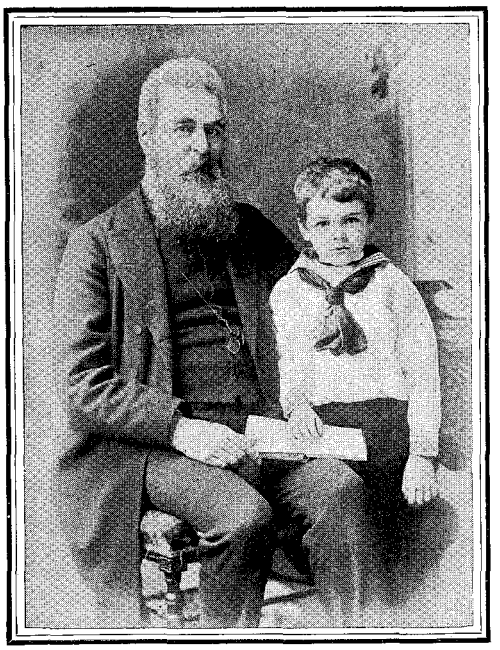


THE REV. ALEXANDER MACKENNAL, D.D.

of style few writers or preachers of our times surpass Dr. Brown.

The fourth member of this group is Dr. Cave, Principal of Hackney College in London, and a theological writer whose works are well known both in his land and ours.

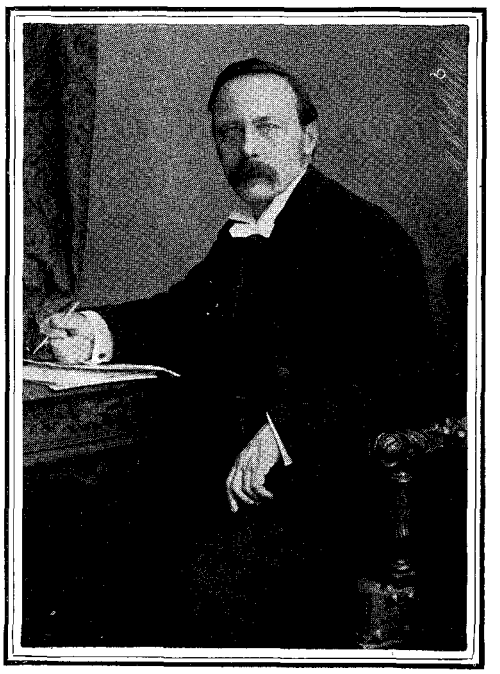
In the list of ministers of middle age I mention first Professor Massie, of Mansfield College, who has an international reputation among Biblical scholars. His special department is New Testament Exegesis. Next comes the Rev. W. J. Woods, the successor of the late Dr. Alexander Hannay in the Secretariat of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. It is enough to say of him that his service as Secretary has justified his election to the distinguished position which he holds.

Following him is Dr. Wardlaw Thompson, whom I think I may call the great Secretary of the London Missionary Society; an unsurpassed administrator, and a man whose wisdom and sympathy are recognized wherever the work of the London Missionary Society has penetrated. Dr. Thompson more nearly resembles the late Dr. N. G. Clark, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, than any other missionary secretary whom I have known.

The Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell, who is to speak on the Tendencies of Modern Education, has made this subject a specialty, and is an earnest and able advocate of the best methods of popular education for all the English people. While in the pastorate he was a "citizen-pastor." He is now devoting his entire time to social and educational questions in their religious aspects.

The Rev. H. Arnold Thomas, of Bristol, is the Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales for the current year. His lofty character and singularly accomplished and genial manners, combined with eminent spirituality and large ability, have made him one of the most popular men in the English churches. For more than thirty years he has ministered to the same people in Bristol, and his beautiful personality is the pride of the city in which he lives.

The last name in this group of men in middle life is the Rev. P. T. Forsyth, D.D., pastor of Emmanuel Church, in the University City of Cambridge. In intellectual clearness and strength Dr. Forsyth ranks next to Dr. Fairbairn among English Congregationalists. I have often thought that his true place is in a professor's chair. Dr. Dale regarded him



THE REV. P. T. FORSYTH, D.D.

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as the ablest of the younger ministers of the Kingdom. He has long been in poor health, and works under great difficulty, but with surpassing intensity and power. His sermon at a recent meeting of the Congregational Union in Birmingham on "The Holy Father" was one of the most memorable discourses ever given before that body. A quiet, retiring man of singular genius, he is a preacher for teachers and scholars, who has found a congenial field in a pulpit under the shadow of a venerable university.

Passing now to the younger ministers, we find on the programme but one. Kensington Congregational Church, in the Court Suburb of London, whose pulpit has been a throne of power for many distinguished English preachers, among whom have been Drs. Raleigh and Stoughton, now enjoys the services of C. Sylvester Horne, M.A. This is the most intellectual and aristocratic church of the denomination in London. It called Mr. Horne when he was a student at Mansfield College, and waited nearly two years for him to complete his studies. It made no mistake. For ten years he has maintained the best traditions of that historic church, and is still hardly more than thirty-five years of age. Two other young men, whose names were at first on the programme, but who have been prevented from attending, are the Revs. J. H. Jowett and R. J. Campbell. The former succeeded Dr. Dale as pastor of Carr's Lane Church, in Birmingham. For three years he has been in that pulpit, and the church is as full, the people as interested, and the work in all departments as successful as in the days of Dr. Dale and John Angell James. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, has suddenly come to the front as one of the most remarkable preachers of the present day. He is, I believe, a graduate of Christ Church College, Oxford, and was trained a Churchman, but has since become a Congregationalist from conviction. It is said that not since Frederick Robertson preached in Brighton has that city been so moved by the ministry of any other preacher. Still another name was originally upon our programme, and its removal was a serious disappointment. The presence of the Rev. Robert F. Horton, D.D., would have been a rare addition to the meeting. Considerably under forty-five, he has made for himself a large and growing place in the English-speaking world. I do not know whether the Rev. Alexander Mearns will be present, but, if he is, he will receive the heartiest kind of a welcome from those who know something of his wonderful work among the poor of London, and who remember him as the author of "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," the most remarkable work of a decade in its influence on the social life of the world's metropolis.

THE REV. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D.

Of these men it may not be invidious to say that Fairbairn is the pre-eminent theologian, that the good work of Wardlaw Thompson is known in all lands, and that the splendid promise of Horne and Jowett and Campbell gives hope for the future of a race of preachers among the English churches as great as any in the past.

Of the laymen who will attend, Mr. Albert Spicer is a member of Parliament, and perhaps the most prominent layman in English Congregationalism. He lives in a palatial home at Lancaster Gate, near the Marble Arch, in London. He is a leader among the churches, has

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been well nigh around the world in their service, and is as consecrated in his religious service as he is uncompromising in his political duties.

It was once said that with the Pilgrim Fathers "the finest of the wheat" of Puritanism came to this country. The mention of these men, of the positions which they occupy, and of the work which they have achieved, shows that much fine wheat was left on the other side, and that Binney and Raffles, Baldwin Brown, James Parsons, Rowan Hamilton, John Angell James, and Robert W. Dale have able and worthy successors. The true Apostolic Succession in England rests upon a firmer foundation than the hands of the Anglican bishops.

Australia will be represented on the programme by the Rev. L. L. D. Bevan, D.D., formerly of New York and now of Melbourne, and by its best-known theological teacher, Professor A. Grosman; and Scotland will have for its speaker the Rev. James Stark, D.D. Woman's Work is to be presented by women. Mrs. Armitage is well known in England, and the name of Dr. Grace Kimball has become a synonym for all that is sublime and unconquerable in heroism. She enjoys, perhaps, the unique honor of being the most hated woman in the world—by the Sultan of Turkey.

I have space for only a word concerning American members of the Council. The name of the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs does not appear on the programme. Dr. Storrs was the first choice for President, and accepted the office. Later, however, in obedience to the positive orders of his physician, he withdrew his acceptance. Among the Americans who will read papers are: the Rev. F. A. Noble, D.D., of Chicago, Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches; that splendid trinity of College Presidents, Tucker, Hyde, and George Harris; Professor George P. Fisher, who divides with Dr. Storrs the honor of being known as the Nestor of American Congregationalism; the Rev. Harry Hopkins, D.D., of Kansas City, and son of the great President of Williams College; the Rev. Alvah J. Lyman, D.D., of Brooklyn. Among the younger ministers it is enough to mention Patton, of St. Louis, Jefferson, of New York, and Brown, of Oakland.

THE HON. ALBERT SPICER

English Congregationalists in politics are nearly all Liberals. The strength of the Liberal party is among Nonconformists. The distinction between Liberal-Unionists and Gladstonians has nearly disappeared. It is therefore enough now to say that they are chiefly Liberals. All Nonconformists in England are of necessity politicians, since they are made Dissenters by the existence of a State Church. If the question of disestablishment could be eliminated, lines would no doubt be differently drawn, but for the present they cannot be. Disestablishment must always be a part of the programme of the party which expects the votes of the Nonconformist Churches of all denominations.

Leaving politics and coming to theology, a few general facts may be stated. Few English Congregationalists are Calvinists, but all are strongly Trinitarian; few are willing to dogmatize concerning eschatology, but all are loyal to the person of Christ and proclaim his deity enthusiastically and constantly. Most Christian thinkers in England of all denominations incline either to the doctrine of conditional immortality or of ultimate

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restoration; but, on the other hand, very few have any sympathy with the older Universalism. They believe in the doctrine of retribution; that it holds in this world and all worlds; and that while there is sin there must be suffering. The Andover controversy would have been impossible there. Edward White and Robert W. Dale accepted the doctrine of conditional immortality; others believe in final restoration, and all teach the universality and eternity of retribution for sin. They are divided on this subject about as the other denominations.

The following seems to me to be a fair statement of the theological attitude of most English Christians: They are loyal to the Bible, but not afraid of criticism; they hold firmly to the Trinitarian doctrine of God, the essential deity of Jesus Christ, the objective value of the work of Christ, and sure retribution for sin; but a large proportion accept either the doctrine of conditional immortality or ultimate restoration, and this is true even of the most conservative thinkers among all denominations.

I once heard Dr. Bevan, formerly pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York, say that theologically the English Churches were thirty years in advance of the American. The opinion is quoted for what it is worth. More generally than the American churches, the English have an intelligent and strong faith in the continuous ministry of the Holy Spirit, and what I delight to call the growing revelation.

In the nature of things, the results of the Council will never be formulated. There will be no attempt to settle anything by a show of hands. Some of the greatest subjects of human thought will be discussed in a reverent and prayerful spirit; then the Council will be dissolved, and its proceedings will be published, and that will be all—when looked at from one point of view. But American, English, Australian, Canadian, Norwegian, and many other churches will be brought nearer together by these meetings; there will be an enlargement of horizon, a clarification of the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, and after a while it will be evident that the Council has helped the cause of Anglo-Saxon unity, consequently of world-wide unity, and that it has helped the churches to put their emphasis on essential rather than non-essential teachings. It will gladden the hearts of many in America as they see that their English brethren, without losing their hold on that which is vital, have laid aside many theories which have hindered faith; and, most of all, in many ways and in many lands it will help toward such an appreciation of the Sanctity of Man and the State as will make all missionary, philanthropic, and political service easier and more efficient.

To those who have a passion for statistics, and who believe in votes, this Council, no doubt, will be a disappointment; but to those who have faith in principles, in influence, in the conscience, and in the ability of the Christian revelation to justify itself at the bar of reason, it will be a great and abiding inspiration.

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The Publican

By William J. Long

I would be strong, O Lord!
Strong-souled to trust Thee in the midst of foes,
Strong-armed to strike at every wrong and sin—
Yet gentle, Lord!
For all injustice give me fire and sword;
For wrong that touches me, the grace to wait;
And for Thy poor, who stumble in the way,
A hand all strength, a heart all tenderness.

I would be brave, O Lord!
To speak Thy word 'gainst every lying creed;
To hate the hypocrite and all his kind,
Though in the guise of Fortune's self he come
With both hands full of gifts, of wealth or place;
To be regardless of all consequence
When for Thy truth I stand, though all alone--
Yet generous, Lord!
And not unmindful of that yesterday
When 'mongst Thy foes I stood, and truth opposed.

I would be true, O Lord!
Would seek to find, would find to do Thy will;
To every idol, though within Thy church,
"Nehushtan!" cry; nor ever think of rest
Till Thy light floods the world, and all men see—
Yet humble, Lord!—
What's truth to me another soul may vex
That has not lived or battled in my place—
And tolerant of all who seek and fail;
Clear-eyed to seek 'neath error's every form
The seed of living truth that's hidden there;
To find in every erring son of man
What Thou didst find in me—a son of God.

O Master mine! that found me in the way
Oppressing where I might have served my race,
Receiving tribute, though I had enough,
From hands that ached with toil and penury,
My answered prayer I saw within Thy face,
Thy face all power and faith and gentleness,
And from Thy face it leaped into my soul—
My prayer, my hope, and my sufficient creed,
To be like Thee.

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EZE, A ROCK VILLAGE

Peasant Life on the Riviera

By Elbert F. Baldwin

THE French Riviera is supposed to be a winter place, and so it is. In truth, however, it is an all-year-round place. Its summer climate is hardly so hot as New York's has become, and its favored shore has always a sea breeze to cool the air.

The peasants who live here (and who say they would not live anywhere else) enjoy life summer as well as winter, and, instead of "laying by" half the year, have labor for every season. They are in general an industrious rather than a lazy folk. Their summer habits are more humane than one might think. Mornings and evenings are, of course, the proper times for work, noon and night for rest and sleep. The peasants are considerate, too, of their beasts; horses, mules, and donkeys are fitted out with hats, much like those the women wear, as a protection against too much sun. In the villages, oven-fires are allowed to die down so as to give greater coolness to the houses, and the nearest bakeshop does duty for an entire community.

Provence, of which the Riviera is the world-renowned shore-part, is a country by itself. It looks askance at the rest of France. While these peasants are often as garrulous and loud-voiced as Tartarin of Tarascon himself, they are also at bottom saving, shrewd, conservative, independent. They are a people apart. They remind one of the clannish thrift of the Scotch. The various mountain tribes, for instance (and Provence is largely mountainous), live preferably by themselves. They have their own customs, inherited from their Moorish ancestors, or perhaps from the original Ligurians themselves, and they do not look with favor on alliances, matrimonial or other, with the degenerate people of the plain.

In getting acquainted with the Provençals it is a good plan for the stranger to take third-class tickets when journeying by rail hereabouts. At daybreak or even

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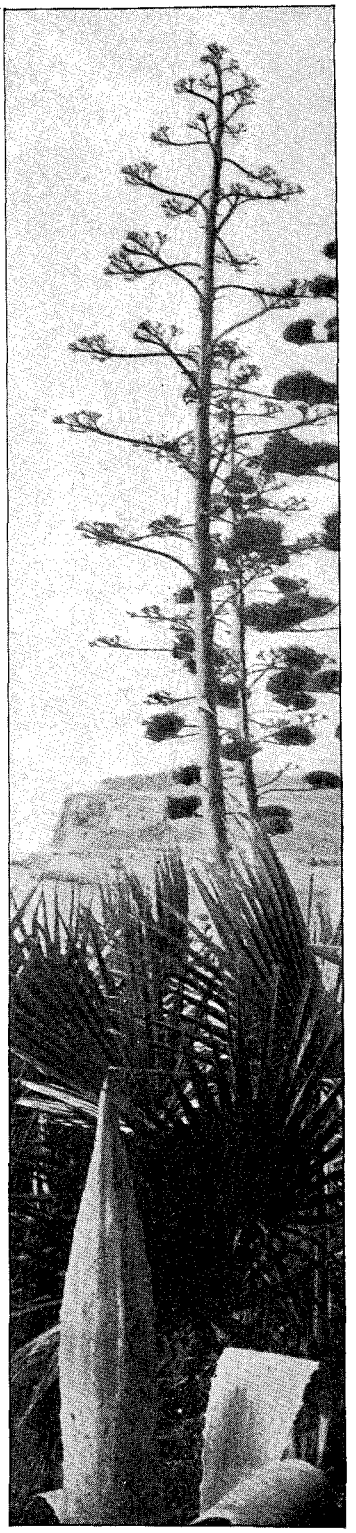
earlier the women will be coming to the markets of Nice and Cannes and returning by the morning trains. Tourists are taking the same trains, too, but will miss much local color by not herding with the peasants. How the latter bundle into the narrow compartments, their great market-baskets hardly wider than their comfortable selves, and both just able to squeeze in at the door! They all seem to know each other, no matter how far apart their stations. A common use of the railway makes many friendships, and the chattering and laughing and showing of white teeth are equaled only in Italy. The compartment is soon as full as it can be of men, women, babies, and baskets, and when smoking begins and garlic rises the good air gets towards the vanishing point. However, one forgets even such patent discomforts in the general delightful expansiveness of the people. They are a strange combination of the wary and the impulsive. The first trait has infallibly been brought out by several hours at the morning market; the second is now in evidence. If the stranger speaks Provençal, he may possibly be the recipient of some naïve confidence before his journey's end is reached; but if he does not speak the language of this country, he may live on the Riviera, as some French folk have done, for two decades and more, only always to be regarded as a foreigner, of whom a sly advantage can be taken from time to time.

The women of the Riviera, if not of all Provence, are more noteworthy than the men. With the agility of young girls, great-grandmothers will alight at cross-road stations and march off with the uncrowned-queen air of the Jules Breton peasant in the Luxembourg. In solid physique and staying qualities these yield to no women. Their short petticoats, white aprons and caps, a gay handkerchief about the neck and an enormous bundle balanced on the head—you may see them anywhere, brawny, broad-chested, bearing down on you like a ship under full sail. As a rule, they work harder than the men, yet they age without breaking down. There are many about here ninety and a hundred years old, still strong, hardy, and tenacious of life. Such women are the physical if not the moral saviors of France.

You may travel about with the traveling peasantry, but it is only on their farms, and in the little towns one, two, three hours away from the fashionable sea-side places, that one learns to know the stay-at-homers. Here one finds the real Riviera folk, and in this climate—kind to them always, not too cold in winter or too warm in summer—they live a free, independent life. Who would not, liberated from the fear of blizzards at one season or hot waves at the other? Ordinary indoor avocations are performed out-of-doors, whenever possible; indeed, there is a general turning of indoors out-of-doors. It is better so, for the houses are generally draughty, leaky, ill-smelling.



MONACO
Seen through the aloes

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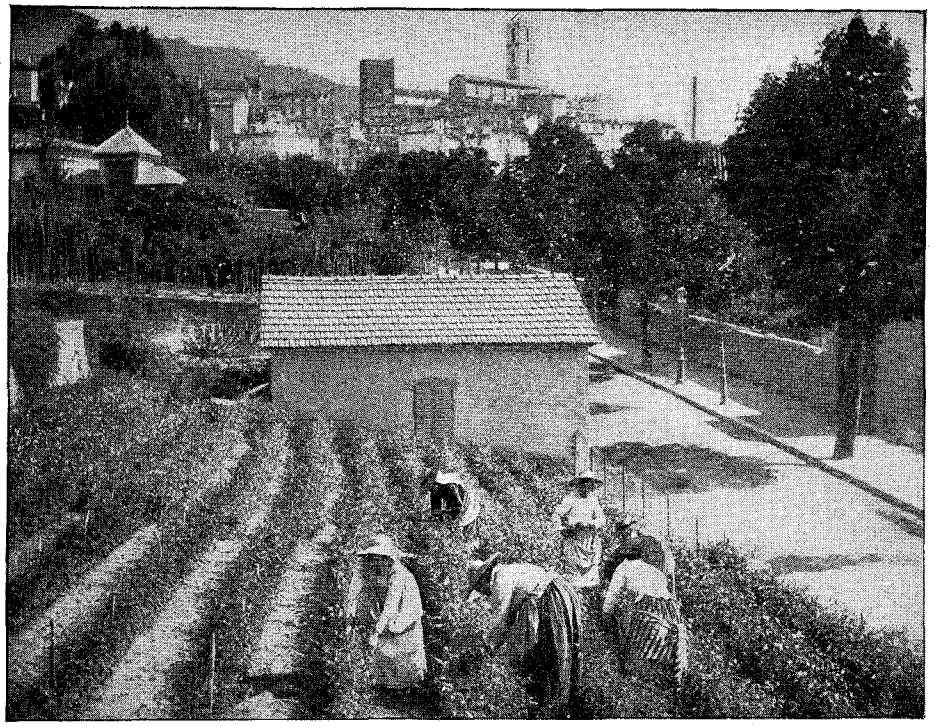

PICKING JASMINE AT GRASSE

Nothing outside of Spain is as gaunt, bare, cheerless, as their interiors. On the other hand, nothing in the world is as attractive, engaging, fascinating, as is the immediate environment of those very houses.

Outdoor life invades the village church itself. The pious worshiper there is not infrequently disturbed by little children at play, rushing boldly into the house of God (an open, not a shut, house, as are most Protestant churches) and scampering out again before either priest or verger can catch them. *Vox populi* is *vox Dei* here. There is one, there are not many voices, as with us. The town's one church is the church of all the people in the town. Again, the Provençal believes more than do most Frenchmen in the motto of France, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," not only in matters political, but also social and religious. The Roman Catholic religion is, in some respects, excellently adapted to this belief. Churches may reek with bad incense, and offend the fastidious with tawdry images, but they are certainly no rich men's exclusive clubs, as may be found nearer home. More than one leaf out of the Roman Catholic book might be taken by Protestant pioneers. The latter must offer a religious service appealing to the senses as well as to the soul, if serious headway is to be made among the freer-thinking but æsthetic French. Yet the Roman Church seems securer on the Riviera than elsewhere. Free-thinking has not gained ground here in the same proportion as in the manufacturing and socialistic districts further north.

With the exception of the seaside resorts, Riviera towns are mostly rock-villages, and look, I fancy, pretty much as they did in the days of the Greeks and Romans. In town-building, the early inhabitants crowned their hill-crests for two reasons: first, because they could be more easily defended; and then, so that they would not encroach upon the rich soil below the crags. Each town had and has its watch-tower, and a system of signals was understood by the various villagers as against the robber barons, just as another system of signals existed among the latter, by which, from their still more inaccessible eyries and castles, they communicated with one another. After centuries of conflict, this arraying of class against class finally and fittingly resulted

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PEASANTS AT GRASSE

in the triumph of democracy. So emphatic was this triumph that to-day no part of France is more alive to the spirit of equality than is Provence. The peasant is quite as good as any lord. True, the tall towers still stand, the most prominent objects in Grasse, Auribeau, Mougins, Gourdon, and other towns, but they are now bell-towers for a more spiritual power. Their sonority fills the air, morning, noon, and night, no longer for the brutalities of war, but to call men to prayer, to bid them begin or cease from their peaceful labors.

The land is of moment to three classes —proprietors, farmers, and husbandmen. As to the first, proprietorship in France means something quite different from the existing status in any other European country, for in no other are four-fifths of the rural owners actual cultivators of the soil. The multiplicity of little farms in France surprises the foreigner. They have been, in this century, the country's economic salvation, and, if the large holders only knew it, their salvation also, for they have been so many arguments against envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The French Revolution accomplished some good things, and not the least was the opportunity offered to farmers and husbandmen to be themselves proprietors. When farms are rented, the leases run three, six, or nine years, the proprietor paying all taxes. These taxes amount to about one-fifth of the farm's annual value, and the average of mortgages may be put down for another fifth. Riviera farms produce wheat, corn, oats, grapes, olives, oranges, mandarins, lemons, figs, almonds, apricots, plums, mulberries, peaches, pepper, flax, vegetables, salad-stuff, and flowers—for the last named are raised here in genuine crops.

During the greater part of the year the wheat supply is quite insufficient for the people's needs, and at any time it is actually higher in price than is the price here of our Dakota product, which has had to pay transportation charges, national and local duties. Corn is ripe towards the end of June, but while the quality is not so bad, the fields themselves are weedy to a degree which would make an American farmer beside himself. The gathering of the grain crops is the principal summer

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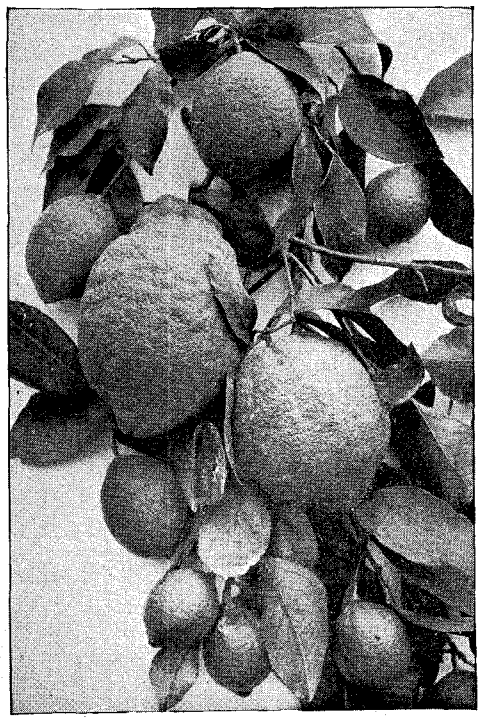
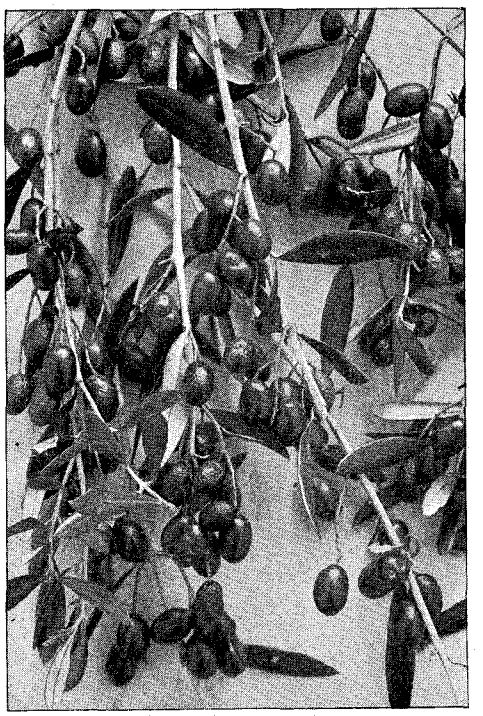
PEPPERS

ORANGES



LEMONS



OLIVES

FRUITS OF THE RIVIERA

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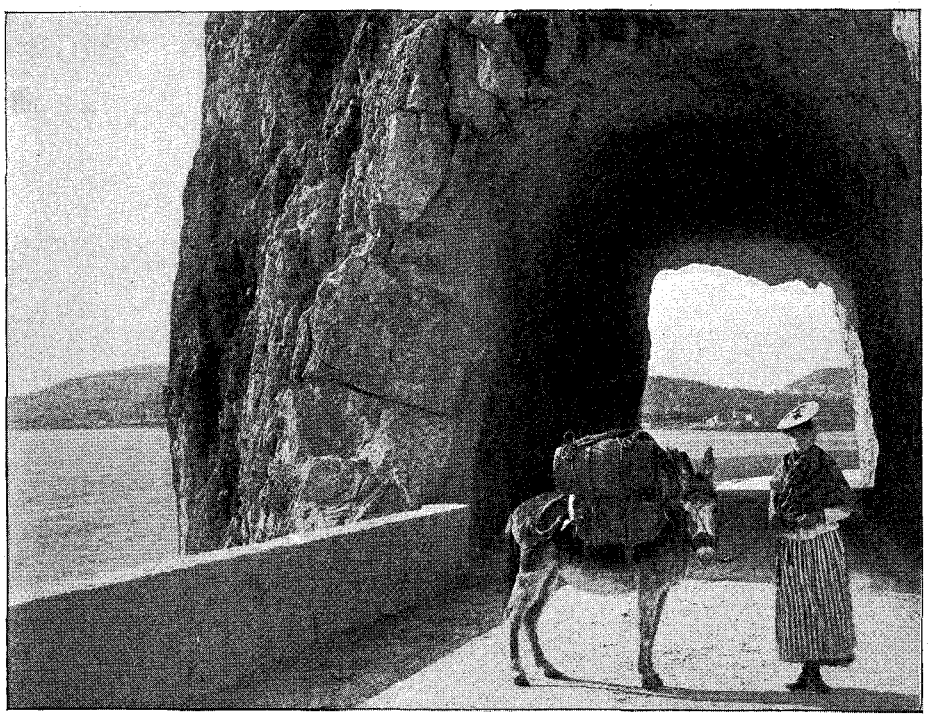
employment. As in Scriptural times, so now, the stranger may witness Riviera grain trodden out by oxen or horses on the stone pavement or esplanade in front of all the large barns.

Like the wheat supply, that of wine is only half sufficient for this population. The lack is not so serious, however, since France makes it good without calling on foreign countries. It may not be realized that her wine-culture means between four and five million acres devoted to the growth of the vine. While the Var and Vaucluse parts of Provence have many a good vineyard, the eastern and rockier departments of the Basses-Alpes and the Alpes-Maritimes have few. Some of the peasant inhabitants buy a great store of grapes in the autumn, each family making its own wine for the year. The phylloxera has played havoc here, as everywhere. To counteract this pest a potass manure is used, also sulphate of carbon. Our own Catawba grape is more of a proof against the enemy than any native varieties, and hence has been extensively introduced.

What the Riviera can produce, however, and export too, is the olive and its delicious oil. The berry is not so large as the Spanish, but is more delicate in flavor. The Greeks are said to have brought the olive-culture here, when they began building Agathopolis (Agay) and Antipolis (Antibes). There is nothing more restful than an olive orchard. The Mediterranean sunlight sifts in and settles serenely there. Seen through olive branches, Mentone, Eze, Cagnes, take on new picturesqueness. Out of the rich red soil underneath the trees are springing violets and narcissus and giroflés. In the near neighborhood there are white and pink clouds: the almond and peach trees are in blossom. Beyond and above the cultivable flower-belt a still more venerable quiet reigns among the now terraced olives. Only the wild sweet alyssum and daisies flower there, their whiteness rather ghostlike because of a row of funereal-looking cypresses, green-black against the orchard's gray-green. Still above and beyond, the olives themselves are checked by lack of shelter; instead, the Diaz-like cork-oaks and the white heather and the rose cystus are seen there.



THE LOWER CORNICE ROAD

The peasant, armed with his pruning-hook, is already attacking his trees. The

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harvest is over. It has lasted from the end of October to the first of February, and has given constant employment to men, women, and children, to young and old. One often notes hardy nonagenarians gathering the precious purple berries, alongside wee children engaged in the same task, neither seeming fit for any kind of labor. The olives are heaped in some cool spot and then put into bags and baskets which are sent to the mill. An ordinary tree will yield, say, thirty pounds of fruit and produce half as much oil. Like the Egyptian with his palm, so the Provençal uses every part of his olive. The oil-mill, with its horsehair presses (an unsavory place, it must be admitted), shows this. In addition to the value of the wood, fruit, and oil, out of the crushed stones a fuel is made, while the refuse is used later as manure for the trees. So the process goes on, year after year, olive to olive returning.

If there is thus a tradition of Greece, the still-worked potteries of Vallauris, the amphitheaters of Fréjus and Cimiez, the bridge of Clausonne, the monument at Turbie, and the traces of the Via Julia and the Via Aurelia right through Provence, remind of Rome. The peasants whose farms bordered those famous highways tilled the soil just as these modern peasants do, and hence Virgil becomes the most appropriate of reading matter as we stroll along Riviera roads. Here one lives the Georgics and the Bucolics. Their old pastoral scenes are here faithfully reproduced. If there is any one distinguishing mark of your Provençal peasant, it is his reverence for tradition. He has a robust, honest satisfaction in doing just as his fathers did, and in letting the over-fed, over-conscious, over-civilized crowd at Nice and Cannes go its decadent way. The crops are the same as of yore, the tools the same—the plow and pruning-hook of the Bible are realized here. Like a Roman in his toga, so a touch of cold will bring out paterfamilias in his long striped cloak of homespun stuff. You may see its counterpart in Palestine to-day. But, whatever we may think about the women, the men are far from having the majestic carriage of the Arabs.

If olives and roads and potteries bring back classic times, palms and aloes and terraced gardens speak of the Moorish civilization which once flourished here. Out of steep hill and mountain-side those clever economists and landscape-gardeners quadrupled the production of the plain. Moorish manners still live in the *danse moresque*, which you may sometime see of a pleasant Sunday in a mountain village, but the more popular *farandole* comes from a yet earlier period.

The great golden drops against glossy foliage are so many evidences that this is an orange country. The fruit is far from rivaling our Florida or California product, but it is delightfully toothsome all the same. While it sells well, the blossoms sell better. The perfume-factories of Grasse use annually nearly six million pounds of flowers, mostly orange-blossoms, but also roses, violets, verbenas, jasmine, jonquils, cassia, and tuberoses. The benefit to employed as well as to employers may be noted in the fact that the savings bank is the finest building in the place, and that there is no grinding poverty at Grasse. The Grassois are famous for their candied fruits, their almond and olive oil, their soaps, and, above all, for their perfumery. Half a million dollars' worth of their products goes to the United States alone. In the factories, as in the supplying flower-fields (the latter covering over sixty thousand acres), men and women have an equal chance at employment.

Most of the roses used in the perfumeries are like our damask variety. They are picked at dawn and stored, all dew-damp, in cellars. How satisfactory to the sight the rose-fields and terraces are, perchance against a hazy olive background, perchance in the foreground some picturesque wayside shrine, at which the girls will kneel before beginning their labors! The roses go well with another stretch of green-gray in front—a fringe of African aloes marking the roadside. Beyond, it may be, there stand sentinels of tall eucalyptus, or, better yet, solemn, dark-green parasol-pines. The nearer landscape is, likely enough, yellow with mimosa, and the further and higher yellow with furze. The scent of thyme and rosemary is borne down upon us. Still beyond, the porphyry hills are glowing every hour with sunset hues, yet in the distance there is always a moonlight effect from the snowy summits of the Maritime Alps.

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AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR

VII.

The Iron Centers

Triumphant democracy

The first part of my visit to the iron district about Pittsburg might easily be turned into a chapter of "Triumphant Democracy." Indeed, there is no chapter in Mr. Carnegie's book that records industrial triumphs equal to those in his own mills. On the mechanical side they were far more impressive than the machinery exhibits at the Chicago Exposition, and there was absolutely nothing at Chicago that compared with them in depicting the superiority of American to European methods of production. Nor was this superiority merely spectacular. In talking with the managers I found that the fear of European competition was a thing of the past. They were all, so far as I know, protectionists; but their protectionism had none of the insistent quality that was to have been expected in the old citadel of that creed. It was almost like the bimetallism of Colorado bankers. They believed that it was for the good of the country, but they had no need of it in their own industry. A large part of their product they were selling abroad, and their president told me that they could sell the whole of it—or about three-fifths of the entire steel product of Pennsylvania—in foreign markets, if they cared to do so. The English price of rails was $22 a ton. The cost of transporting rails to England was over $5 a ton; yet they were able to overleap this barrier and sell their steel in the London market. Instead of needing a tariff to protect them against English competition, they were able to pay the twenty-five per cent. tariff which the railroad and shipping charges imposed in order to enter into competition with the English on their own ground.

Protection needless

Such triumphs for American industry are not, indeed, peculiar to the Carnegie works. When I had visited the iron-works in the South, I had found that they, too, were making heavy shipments abroad; and a week later, when talking with an extremely accurate as well as fair-minded official of the Illinois Steel Company, I learned that the great competitor of the Carnegie Company was able to pay the freight charges from Illinois to Belgium and still undersell the Belgians. The statement of the case made by the Illinois official was peculiarly compact. In the Belgian works, he told me, the average wages are less than 75 cents a day. In the Illinois works the average wages are in the neighborhood of $1.75 a day. Yet the product of the Illinois works could be sold in Belgium for less than the product of Belgian works. I did not have the opportunity to visit the Illinois works, or I would probably have seen paralleled the sights that impressed me so much at Homestead and Braddock. But at the Pennsylvania works it did not require an acute observer to see the reason for these triumphs of American methods and American men. Everything seemed to be done by machinery. In the Southern iron-works great numbers of negroes were employed with wheelbarrows to carry heavy loads of fuel or ore or metal from one place to another; but in the Carnegie works there was a great network of overhead tracks, on which nearly everything could be shifted in any direction by steam. And the steam itself was often generated in boilers heated by the gas that came from the coke and ore used in making the steel. As you looked about the great buildings, that which was memorable was the human soli-

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tude in which these activities were carried on. Works covering acres, and costing in the neighborhood of a million dollars, would have hardly a hundred men scattered about them. Unfortunately, I had never seen European iron-works, so that an exact comparison was impossible. But when I thought of the swarming of men in every European industry I had seen, and even when I thought of the relative swarming in the iron-works in the South, I felt sure that where there was only one employee for something like ten thousand dollars of capital in these Carnegie works, there would be nearly ten in most parts of Europe. The contrast was mainly due, of course, to the fact that the dearness of labor about Pittsburg forced the introduction of costly machinery to economize it. But this machinery would not have proved an economy had not this dear labor been highly skilled and able to bear heavy responsibility during the long hours. The light-eating, heavy-drinking, apathetic labor of Continental Europe could not have been intrusted with this strenuous work. My escort explained to me, indeed, that nearly all the work was simple, but he recognized that in many of the positions a moment's inattention or the slightest error in judgment would cost the works incomparably more than the man's wages. In its nervous intensity the work was hard, and where it was hardest, in the sense of involving the greatest responsibility, the men in charge were almost uniformly American—or at least English-speaking. The irresponsible work was largely in the hands of the Huns and Poles, and of the negroes, who, like them, had been kept down by centuries of oppression. The superiority of American workmen, therefore, as well as the superiority of American methods, was at the basis of this triumph of American industry.

A Napoleonic republic

It was obvious, however, that the triumphs were chiefly due to the management, and I therefore learned with the greatest interest the plan upon which the allied works were organized. The allied plants included nearly every industry essential to the production of steel, from the firing of the coke-ovens to the operation of the railroad. At the head of every department was a man who had been taken into the firm because of his business promise, and who was paid according to the profits of the works under him. Each of these heads of departments was also given an interest in the company, and thus a quality of work was secured which mere salaries would not bring. No one connected with the management except Mr. Carnegie himself, said President Schwab, of the Steel Company, had ever invested a dollar. The company was really a partnership rather than a corporation, and not one of the partners held his position by reason of inheritance or wealth. Only three of the thirty-three heads of departments were even graduates of technical schools or colleges, and one of the superintendents had been a common machinist only a few years ago. The whole organization recalled Napoleon's definition of a republic when he said that the French Revolution meant "a career open to talent of every sort."

Restored feudalism

All that I saw of the management of the company carried out this idea. I was surprised, indeed, at the number of young men who had forged their way to the top. But talent has as little regard for the lines of age as for those of caste. Ability to do the work was evidently the prime requisite, and while the men at the heads of the departments had too much social finish to permit the supposition that many of them had risen from the ranks of workmen, it was evident that their weekly luncheon together was planned for its business suggestiveness and not for social diversion. A similar impression was made by the superintendents about the works. In fact, during the two days that I was under the escort of the men in charge, I received but one unfavorable impression. This came from the spirit in which the workmen did their work. They were cheerless almost to the point of sullenness. When the men looked at us it was rarely with the look of pride in their work or contentment with their wages or cordial feeling toward those over them; yet the work was full of responsibility, the wages high, and the managers were singularly efficient. The sullen attitude, indeed, was absolutely intangible, and when my escort said that he had not observed it, there was absolutely nothing that I could cite as evidence. When, however, I left the circle of those who could explain the works, and took my lodgings in the

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town of Homestead, where the workmen would explain themselves, I found that the impression I had gained was the only one that had been possible. I had entered an entirely different industrial realm. The atmosphere was at times heavy with disappointment and hopelessness. Some of the men seemed afraid to talk. Even the Catholic priest—to whose class I am accustomed to go for fair statements of the relations of men to their employers—was unwilling to make any statement. The one thing he did say was something he supposed self-evident—namely, that the men's earnings were much lower than before the great strike. The absence of freedom resembled that of the small mining villages in the eastern part of the State. It was in sharp contrast with the independence of the old trade-union towns in Massachusetts, and of the new factory towns in the South where the relations between employers and employed are still cordial. If all that I saw while with the managers of the Carnegie works might be described under the title of "Triumphant Democracy," nearly all that I saw while with the men might be described under the title of "Feudalism Restored."

Hugh O'Donnel

One of the first men whom I found to talk with was the famous Hugh O'Donnell, who was the spokesman of the strikers at the time of the Homestead riots and during the long strike that followed. He was not living in Homestead, but had merely returned from the East for a visit of a day or two with his mother. He told me that the Carnegie managers had made it impossible for him to get work from any steel company in the country. That he could not get such work was obvious, for since the strike he had been making his living much of the time as a reporter, though he was an expert roller—and rollers, the managers assured me, still received nearly $200 a month for their critical work of exploding the "scale" that forms about the steel and measuring with absolute accuracy the beams, rails, etc., that are made. The leader of the great labor war of seven years ago was still a man considerably under forty. His face was handsome and his speech unusually ready. He did not, however, impress one with the reserve power of a born leader. He knew little about present conditions at Homestead, except the belief of his friends and sympathizers that a low and dishonorable class of people had come to take the strikers' places. On this point I learned from unbiased people that he greatly exaggerated the extent of the change, though from his standpoint, of course—as from that of Mr. Carnegie a few years before—all workmen were dishonorable who had broken the commandment, "Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's job." What O'Donnell knew most about was the history of the great strike, and I naturally went over with him the claims of the management respecting it. These were, in brief, that the strike had been fought, not to reduce wages, but to effect "a sensible classification," and that the trade-union had not only resisted such a classification, but had demanded the right to appoint the foremen. As to the first of these claims, O'Donnell, without hesitation, admitted that there was a good deal of truth in it. The union, he said, made a mistake in resisting a new classification. It was inevitable, because of the changing methods of production. Under the old system the roller was practically an independent contractor, receiving so much for every ton, and often receiving exorbitant pay when better machinery increased the output. Under the new system he was reduced to a mere wage-earner under a general superintendent for a whole division. The new classification, therefore, was largely a dethronement of the rollers, but, as is always the case, the best-paid men were also the best organized, and most ready to strike for their claims. They led in the strike, and the men receiving lower pay followed, until both were disastrously defeated, and the last vestige of trades-unionism in the Carnegie works was destroyed. The defeat, said O'Donnell, was practically inevitable, because other iron centers were already disorganized. The union might have given in, but the uncompromising attitude of the management, which was thoroughly hostile to their union, practically forced the strike upon them. As to the unreasonableness of the old classification, what Mr. O'Donnell said was in a marked degree a confirmation of what the managers had told me. As to the other important point, however—the charge that

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the union had demanded the right to appoint the foremen—Mr. O'Donnell met President Schwab's statement with a flat denial. There was no truth in it whatever, he said. The Knights of Labor might somewhere have made such a demand; but no trade-union had ever assumed to exert such a power. Between conflicting statements like these there seemed no possibility of harmony, except on the supposition that the union's criticism of particular foremen had seemed to the management equivalent to an assertion of the right to appoint them.

Old wages and new

On the question of wages also there was difficulty, such as I experienced nowhere else, in harmonizing the statements of employers and employed. During the previous seven weeks of my journey the employers had agreed pretty closely with the employed in reporting reductions in wages since 1892. In the cotton-mills of New England the cut had been twenty per cent.; on the cotton-fields of the South and among the carpenters and masons of Southern cities it had been nearly forty per cent. The only great industry in which there had been no cut had been among the anthracite coal miners, and here the employers agreed with the employed in reporting a fearful reduction in the number of days the men worked. When, however, I reached the Carnegie works, where the great Homestead strike had taken place, I was surprised to be told at the office that average wages were actually higher than six years before. The department head in charge of the wage-rolls told me this. When, however, I went among the workmen, I found that the truth of this statement was indignantly denied. They admitted that wages were higher in the Carnegie works than anywhere else in the country. All the other steel-works, said one of them, must pay lower wages in order to compete. But when they came to compare present wages with those before the strike and the depression, they asserted that sweeping reductions had taken place. These reductions, however, were relatively light among the lower grades of labor. For example, a young fellow in the engineers' department, whom I met the first evening, told me that the common workmen, who used to get $1.40 for ten hours, now get $1.32; while the engineers, who used to get from $1.90 to $2.75, now get from $1.70 to $2.25. The heavy reductions complained of were among the men doing the most responsible work—especially among the rollers. One workman in this department gave me a detailed statement of the changes, which ran as follows: "The man who had my job," he said, "used to get 19 cents a ton, when the capacity [output] was supposed to be forty tons a day, but we often ran to eighty. From 19 cents the first cut was to 5½ cents and the next to 4½. Then there was a ten per cent. raise. Now it is down again. Since the beginning of the year it has been about 4 cents. The capacity is now 120 tons." The roller, he went on, used to get 22 cents a ton net, and now gets approximately 5½ cents. If these statements were accurate, then men who used to get from $7.60 to $8.80 a day, or even more, now get from $4.80 to $6.60. I noted that the present wages of the rollers agreed with the employers' estimate of $200 a month if the rollers worked every day, and also that the old wages above referred to were no higher than the Carnegies claimed to be paying at the time of the strike. But otherwise there was no harmony between this man's statement and that of his employers. Inasmuch as his manner seemed as judicial as theirs, and only ceased to be so when he got to talking about the black hatred of the men for the despotism over them, I determined to learn what unprejudiced town people thought about the matter.

What the merchants said

Among the merchants I thought that I observed the same absence of free speech as existed among the working people. However, among those who talked with me who had been in business before the strike, there was not the least diversity of opinion about the severe reduction of wages. The first one I talked with put the case in darker colors than the workmen. "Where we used to sell $2,500 worth of furniture in a single month, we now sometimes barely sell $100 worth. We lost $8,000 at the time of the strike. We hadn't the heart to try to collect of the people when they weren't getting any wages, and some of them lost everything, including the homes on which they had made payments. A good many went away, and those who got their places again have

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rarely got ahead and come back to pay up." When it became evident that the small shopkeepers took the same view as the workmen, I went to a man of wealth, whose sympathies were certain to be with the company, and whose knowledge of savings bank and real estate matters made his opinions of exceptional value. His statement of the case was singularly judicial, and to me was convincing. The local merchants, he said, were apt to exaggerate the losses of their customers, because cheap trolley connection with Pittsburg caused a great deal of the buying to be done there. Nevertheless, it was perfectly clear to any one doing business in Homestead that the men were not getting as much money as formerly. He could not understand how any one could suppose that they did.

The real grievances

But it was not the lowering of wages that caused the most bitter complaints among the men. Their wages, even when lowered, were not low, and most of them realized it. Their real grievances were the long hours, the Sunday labor, the strain under which they were compelled to work, and, above all—or rather at the basis of all—the want of freedom to organize. Nobody in Homestead dared openly to join a trade-union. The president said, without reserve, that he would discharge any man for this offense, and the men all understood that this was the foundation principle of the present order. So far as I could see, no secret union had yet grown up. The men who spoke most bitterly about the prohibition of unions said nothing to intimate that they themselves were still members. The union movement, to all appearances, was dead except in the hopes of the workmen. The management, I afterwards learned, believed that it was dead even here, and that most of the men were glad to have the union outlawed; but I saw nothing to support this view. Some of the men I met did not wish to be connected with trades-unions. But there was not one of them but regarded the loss of the right to organize as a restriction of freedom.

An 'old' man at forty

There was one man with whom I spent a great deal of time talking who almost personified the cause of unionism. His name was Tom Crawford, and he was one of the most likable men I met on my journey. He had been at the head of the Advisory Committee during the strike, and it was evident that he, rather than O'Donnell, must have had the real direction of affairs. He had been born in England, and felt somewhat keenly his want of schooling—though it is doubtful if schooling would have developed his executive ability more than the post-graduate course he had been compelled to take. "I have always," he said, "hoped to educate myself, but, after my day's work, I haven't been able to do much studying. . . . After working twelve hours, how can a man go to a library?" Curiously enough, but typically enough, he spoke of himself as "getting too old now," though he was only thirty-six. I expressed my dissent from this view, but he replied, "I don't know any roller over forty. If I can keep it up four years longer, I shall own my house, and be able to quit independently. . . . I have known old rollers, but they have all gone. An old man cannot become anything but a sweeper." This observation agreed pretty well with what I myself had seen in the mills, and, when I referred to it in talking with the official of the Illinois Steel Company, a week later, he practically confirmed it. It is possible, therefore, that the "increase of production" that seems to come from men working twelve hours a day is more than lost through enforced idleness at middle age. Moderate work until fifty-five might produce more material goods—as well as healthier and better men—than excessive work till even forty-five, followed by a protracted old age of partial idleness and frequent dependence.

Work growing harder and hours longer

Both Tom Crawford and the Illinois Steel Company's official believed that in the iron-mills work is becoming harder as time goes on. It is not, however, requiring more intelligence. Both men believed that, with the new machinery, less skill is needed, but closer attention. "We used to be able," said Mr. Crawford, "to take time to eat our meals like civilized human beings, but now we can only snatch up a bite as we work. . . . Last Friday, when my assistant sloped on account of trouble he got into, and I had a green hand to help me, I wasn't able for twelve hours to get from my post an instant, for any purpose." Both of these men also be-

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lieved that the hours were being lengthened. The Illinois Steel Company official said that the twelve-hour day was always usual in blast furnaces, but that the eight-hour day was formerly common in steel-works. Now the twelve-hour day is almost universal in this country, though the eight-hour day is universal in England. Crawford's statement was virtually the same, and the reason he assigned for the lengthening of hours here as contrasted with the establishment of the eight-hour day in England was the general defeat of unionism in the iron trade here, contrasted with its triumph in Great Britain.

Sunday labor

Crawford was not employed by the Carnegie Company, and therefore was able to speak freely in favor of unionism. He, too, went over with me the struggles of 1892, and told of his arrest and imprisonment on the charge of homicide and treason. In his case the imprisonment lasted but a single night—a hotel-keeper whom he did not know having gone on his bail, with the remark, "That man's face is good enough for me." During the one night of imprisonment, however, he did not sleep at all, because the prison bed was foul with vermin. "I have always worked for a living," he said, "but we have kept clean." As I looked about the parlor, I felt that his pride on this point was fully justified. The story that followed, however, was of less interest than his comments upon present grievances. The chief grievance, as I have said, was the length of the hours; but the feature of the long hours he complained of most bitterly was the Sunday labor. "Even the blast furnaces," he said, "could be coked down, if the managers wished it; and if the mills would close at one o'clock on Saturday, as they do in England, there would be no need of Sunday repairing. . . . If the Evangelical Alliance, that is trying to get the mills to run less on Sunday, would apply to some of the workmen, they would find that we want to work on Sunday less than the managers say. . . . I don't believe in Sunday work. It is against the law of the land and against the law of God. The man who gives the people libraries and compels them to work on Sundays is false." This feeling against Sunday labor, which was so strong in Crawford, seemed to be general. One of the first Irishmen I talked with spoke of the increase of Sunday labor as a result of the overthrow of unionism. "The union," he said, "always restricted Sunday work." Still another workman spoke of the complete disappearance of the old rule of double pay for Sunday work. Since the union's disappearance it was rare to have even "time and a half" allowed for Sunday work. As I heard their complaints about Sunday labor I was reminded of the fact that western Pennsylvania is the stronghold of Presbyterianism, and I was glad to see that the Calvinistic tradition that gave Anglo-Saxon workmen their free Sunday was here an influence in behalf of the Celt, the German, and the Hun.

The town of Homestead

No town I have ever visited observed Sunday much better than Homestead. It is emphatically a town of saloons. Yet on Sunday not a single saloon among the many I passed bore the faintest sign of being open. My own "hotel" was merely a saloon and restaurant, with a few bedrooms on the second story. Yet, when I returned to it at noon on Sunday, and again when I returned about five o'clock, I was absolutely unable to get in. The proprietor had gone off for the day, his son had gone off, and both the servants had followed their example. At noon I was able to get a lunch elsewhere, but when I returned toward evening and was unable to wash and dress in preparation for dinner with an official, I felt that Sunday closing in Homestead was perhaps a trifle too effectual. In the main, Homestead was an unattractive town, but its enforcement of Sunday laws was far from being its only hopeful feature. The private houses—except the shanties on the company grounds occupied by the strike-breakers in 1892—were much better than those of the mining towns, and the schools were in the happiest possible contrast. The buildings were good and the teachers competent. The high-school attendance was small, it is true, for a place of five thousand people—hardly a quarter what it would be in New England or the West—but in the grammar grades there was no thinning out because of child labor in the works. This evil was unknown at Homestead, and even the Hungarians were apt to keep their children in school longer

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than the law required. In one of the schools I visited there was a well-conducted manual-training course, established by the generosity of President Schwab; at the mills there were weekly chemistry classes conducted by mill officials; and in their homes a goodly number of boys were pursuing scientific courses under the Scranton School of Correspondence. This school is widely advertised, and some of its agents allow themselves to promise far too much to the boys who follow its curriculum; but what I saw and heard of its workings convinced me that it was really a great educational institution. Everybody whose judgment I trusted said the papers sent back to the school by the pupils were criticised by first-class men, and that the boys were not only well guided, but kept interested in their work. Some of the workmen I talked with were inclined to ridicule the boast of the officials that workmen could rise from the ranks. When I referred to the superintendent who had been an assistant machinist a few years before, they told me that he was Mr. Carnegie's cousin. A workman could not rise, they said, unless he toadied to the management. Yet all the pessimism about what a workingman could do did not involve hopelessness about the future of a workingman's children. The boy who, after twelve hours in the mill, had the grit to do good work in the correspondence school was in the line of promotion, and the exceptional boy who could not only follow drawings, but manage men, might become foreman or even superintendent. Besides the schools thus open, there were the libraries established by Mr. Carnegie. The one in the beautiful building at Homestead was hardly in working order at the time of my visit, but the work that was being done by the corresponding institution at Braddock showed me what it would accomplish. At Braddock the library supplied books to as many persons as there were families in the city, while the lecture hall, the swimming-bath, the billiard-rooms, etc., seemed to afford the residents all the advantages of a lyceum, a gymnasium, and a club-house. The terms at which these advantages were offered were of the most nominal description—$1 for three months to employees and $2 to others. The library was free to all. I had appreciated Tom Crawford's sarcasm about the offer of these things to men who worked twelve hours a day, but they certainly seemed of immense advantage to the families of workingmen, if not to the workingmen themselves.

Mr. Carnegie's imperialism

All that I saw at Homestead convinced me that Mr. Carnegie was unusually sincere in his desire for the welfare of his employees. President McKinley is not more so in his desire for the welfare of Luzon. But the fatal defect which Mr. Carnegie attributes to the President's policy in the Philippines permeates his own policy at Homestead. The government at Homestead aims to be government for the people, but its fundamental principle is that there shall be no government by the people. He who joins an organization of the employees at Homestead to resist the absolute supremacy of the employers is warned in advance that he can accomplish nothing except his own ruin. This policy is not, indeed, that which Mr. Carnegie employed when he was directly in charge. In an unusual degree he sympathized with the organization of the men for self government. But the imperialist policy in its most absolute lines is the one pursued and avowed by the present head of the Carnegie company. Charles M. Schwab, by reason of his ability and convictions, quite as much as by reason of the position he occupies, is probably the foremost representative of those who would extirpate every tendency toward industrial democracy. It was my pleasure to have a long talk with him after my talk with some of the union sympathizers at Homestead, and I never heard unionism so vigorously dealt with. Furthermore, the position he took was one that had the support of his conscience as well as of his interests. He believed that complete individual independence was the only method of developing strong manhood, and his hostility to trade-unions—because they undermined individual responsibility—extended to all fraternal organizations. He did not, indeed, oppose corporations—in which all the stockholders agree to act as a unit according to the decision of the majority; but when I asked him about trusts, I found that he was nearly as hostile to them as to the labor unions, and his reasons were almost identical. The trust, he said, made its individual

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members look to artificial prices for their profits, instead of looking to improvements in their own methods of production. Sooner or later the artificial prices stimulated outside competition, which forced the pool to collapse and left its members worse off than if they had never joined it. The trade-union, he thought, had a like effect upon the workmanship of its members. Their tendency to restrict apprentices was thoroughly hostile to the public welfare, and their arbitrary rules embarrassed the introduction of machinery. When I asked him whether he had ever known trade-unions to strike against improved machinery, he said that he had not known them to do so in this country, but that it had happened in England, and that the power of the English unions was causing the decay of manufacturing in England. I referred, of course, to the decades of unfulfilled prophecy that the trade-unions would have this influence upon English industry, and questioned whether the present forebodings would be justified. He assured me, however, that in the iron industry the decline was already apparent, and that German iron-works, as well as American, were rapidly gaining on their English competitors. A brilliant future awaited the German works, and a dismal one the English, because the German works were not hampered by the unions, while the English were simply in their fetters. If the iron industry in America was to go forward, it, too, must be free.

The arraignment of trade-unionism was little short of brilliant until President Schwab turned to conditions in Homestead. Even here he showed how thoroughly he was convinced of the righteousness of his policy. The great body of the employees, he said, were glad to have the unions suppressed. In support of this view he cited the report of an English expert who had been given permission to go through the mills and talk with the men at their work. When I queried whether a census taken in this way was reliable, he stated that during the Homestead strike two hundred of his hands at Braddock had sent in their names, offering to go to Homestead, open the mills, and crush the strike. To me this offer of workingmen to incur the hatred of their fellows seemed evidence of servility, but to him it was evidence that non-union men were glad to help overthrow unionism. The discontent that I had found he believed to be exceptional. He did not believe that hours had been lengthened or Sunday work increased, and he was sure that the books of the company showed that the average wages were higher in 1893 than in 1892, in 1894 than in 1893, in 1895 than in 1894, and so on, advancing with each succeeding year. In short, he was convinced that the suppression of the union had been a benefit to the employees as well as to the company, and he was therefore prepared, for the good of the governed, to suppress with an iron hand any attempt on their part at self-government.

The conclusion of it all

After this talk with President Schwab I had another day in Homestead, and I spent a good part of it among members of the middle classes, in an attempt to harmonize the conflicting statements of employers and workingmen. As regards the contentment of the employees, I found nothing to justify the optimism of the officials. The ablest and broadest man I met—a young Baptist minister who had once been a coke-burner, and who still knew as much about the lives of laborers as he did about the higher criticism—told me that he had to make it his mission to give the men all the encouragement he could, and keep them from thinking about their grievances, though he believed that many of these were real enough. The discontent and discouragement prevalent made the men skeptical and bitter. The more I heard upon this point, the more I was convinced that the officials were too far removed from their employees to know anything about their sentiments. As regards wages, the singular contradiction in statements was finally explained. I was talking with an old clerk in the Carnegie works, and the warmth with which he praised the chemistry classes conducted by the officials led me to expect from him a repetition of the official statement about wages. When I asked him about this matter, however, his view proved to be that of the men; and when I spoke of the reported increase, he said that the books of the company showed an increase since 1892, but only because a day's work was so frequently reckoned at twelve hours instead of eight, and because the men in 1892 had lost five

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months on account of the strike. As regards the extent to which hours had been lengthened and Sunday work increased, I gradually reached the conclusion that the officials had underestimated it much less than the partisans of the union had overestimated it. Even here, however, while the old unionists exaggerated their losses, they were quite right in thinking that the death of unionism would mean the death of all hope of a future shortening of hours. Legislation might accomplish the reduction, but legislation of value to workingmen is rarely secured except when powerful organizations of workingmen demand its enactment and compel its enforcement. Acting as individuals without organization, the workmen are helpless. Every man among them may be convinced that shorter hours and a free Sunday are for the good of their class, but no man among them will cut his own wages and risk his own job unless assured that his fellows will co-operate. You might almost as well attempt to run the Government by permitting each citizen to contribute what he pleases, as attempt to advance the general interests of labor by permitting each workman to contribute what he pleases. The bulk of men are willing to do their share, but require assurance that others will do theirs. This assurance of co-operation can come only through organization. So long as the organization of iron-workers is prohibited, the exhausting and demoralizing twelve-hour day and Sunday labor are bound to remain. Trade-unions have their features of danger, as I was shortly to see in studying the labor movement in Chicago, but the prohibition of trade-unions, as exemplified at Homestead, leaves the working classes without the hope of a better future.

The Average Man

By Hamlin Garland

His face had the grimness of granite;
It was bleached and bronzed by the sun
Like the coat on his poor narrow shoulders,
And his hands showed the work he had done.
His dim eyes were weary and patient,
And he smiled through his pallor and tan
A wistful, sad smile, as if saying,
I'm only an average man.

I can't be a hero or poet,
Nor a dictator wearing a crown.
I'm only the hard-working servant
Of those set above me. I'm down,
And it's no use complaining—
I'll get along the best way I can,
And one o' these days 'll come morning
And rest for the average man.

He wages all battles and wins them,
He builds all turrets that tower
Over walls of the city to tell
Of the rulers and priests of the hour.
Without him the general is helpless,
The earth but a place and a plan.
He moves all and clothes all and feeds all,
This sad-smiling average man.

Then I lifted my hand in a promise,
With teeth set close, and my breath
Held hard in my throat, and I uttered
A vow that shall outlive death.
I swear that the builder no longer
To me shall be less than the plan;
Henceforward be guerdon and glory
And hope for the average man.

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FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

The Queen and the Twelve Caskets

By Mary Allaire

THERE was a wood-cutter's hut in the deep woods—a very tiny house, and about it there were only the wild flowers growing, and the moss on the roof and about the door-stones. A very poor house, you would say, but it held a priceless jewel, a darling little baby girl, who was so beautiful that the people who lived in the woods said she was touched by fairies because her mother died when she was a baby. Not only was baby Olga the most beautiful of children, but she was one of the best of children. She was happy and kind. When a tiny baby she would lie in her rough cradle with its bed of pine needles covered by a shawl, and sing and listen until her father said, "She is spoken to by some one." He did not know that all the songs that the birds had sung in the pine-trees were sung to her over and over in the pine bed, that he wished he could change to down. You see the fairies had not touched the father's ears.

The baby grew, and the father had to build a gate, lest the baby should wander away in the woods while he was working and be lost. He did not know of the dwarf in the far woods who passed his home every day, and looked at the baby. The dwarf was very ugly, and most children ran when they saw him, because they never looked in his eyes. Olga, when first she saw him through the little wooden gate, looked right in his eyes, and then held out her arms to go to him. His face glowed with a soft light, and for a moment was beautiful. "One black spot," he murmured, as he looked in Olga's eyes; "it must never be two;" and a shadow fell on him as he walked hurriedly into the woods.

Olga grew stronger and more beautiful every day. One day the wood-chopper went into the woods in his new green suit, and without his ax. When he came back at sunset there was a beautiful woman with him. He smiled as she looked in his face. As they came nearer, the woman stopped and looked at the beautiful child at the gate. Olga shivered and gave a little cry, at which her father ran forward and caught her up in his arms. "Thy beautiful mother; to love thee," he whispered. But Olga hurried into the house.

The mirror which the new mother loved told her every day that the little girl was the more beautiful, and she hated the child more and more, and grew uglier and uglier to her. One day, as the little girl came in from the woods crowned with flowers, the mother drove her out of the house and into the deep woods. In the woods the little girl saw a bear, and began to run. She ran and ran, until she saw an open door. Through this she went, shutting it quickly after her. In the corner was a pile of skins. On this she sat down, and soon, tired out, dropped to sleep. The dwarf who owned the house and the woods came home. There on the pile of skins was the beautiful child he loved so much. Now he would have something to love and care for. He became happier, and sang gayly at his work, and forgot that he was deformed and ugly. The little girl loved him, and her joy and happiness made her even more beautiful than she had been. One command only he gave her—she must never open the door when he was away.

One day, when she was alone, the little girl heard a voice asking her to open the door. Olga hesitated a moment, and then went forward toward the door. "How the wind blows!" she thought, as she heard the branches beating against each other. "Please open the door. The pearls will get wet," said the sweet voice. "I

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brought them for you." Olga opened the door at once. There was her stepmother scowling. She quickly threw the stout string she held around Olga's neck twice, gave a twitch, and Olga fell, gasping for breath. The wind blew furiously; the dwarf suddenly appeared running toward the hut, an open knife in his hand. He cut the string on Olga's throat, and carried her to her couch of pine needles, saying, sorrowfully, "The one black spot." Little Olga put her arms around his neck and showed him how sorry she was because she had not obeyed him. He told her that she must never again open the door when he was away; that he loved her, and because he loved her, he wished to keep her from harm.

The next week the dwarf was away again. She heard a voice, winning and sweet, asking her to open the door. The wind began to blow at once, and Olga listened. "Open the door, little girl," pleaded the voice.

"I cannot," answered Olga. The wind sang softly.

"I have a beautiful pony to take you through the woods. I brought it to you," pleaded the voice. Olga got up quickly. At once the wind began to blow, the branches of the trees to beat the house, but Olga would not listen. She dropped the bar and opened the door. There was her stepmother holding a bear, big and brown, by the ears, a stout rope in her other hand. In a moment the little girl found herself tied on the bear's back, and he was tearing through the woods. The bushes scratched the little girl, but not her face—for her fairy godmother had decreed that her face should always be beautiful.

On and on went the bear, bounding in terror because of the burden he could not throw off.

Coming through the woods from another direction was a gay party of hunters. Suddenly the bear tumbled over. The little girl did not move or cry out. The party rode up, and the most beautiful of all the hunters, the one in the most splendid suit, knelt on one knee before the little girl, saying, "I have found my Queen."

Tenderly the little girl was lifted from the ground, and on to the back of the King's horse, for he would have it so. He walked beside her, and his escort far behind. They reached the palace, where the King's stepmother greeted them, and knelt before "her future Queen," she said; for the King's stepmother had fairy powers, and knew the future.

"You are beautiful, my dear, the most beautiful woman in the world, sweet and good; but there is one black spot." The little girl knew what she meant, and blushed.

Now she lived like a princess; she studied all the difficult things princesses have to learn to make good queens.

At last the day came when she was to marry the King. There were great preparations, and when everything was ready the King's stepmother came to her and said, "Remember the black spot; do not make it two black spots." Olga hung her head.

The next day the King and the Queen were walking in the garden, when the King, kissing the Queen's hand, said, "My love, we will reign as one. Here are the twelve caskets in which are the secrets of the kingdom. Eleven thou mayst read and know, as I do. The twelfth must not be known to any in the kingdom, for great sorrow will come when the casket is opened."

The caskets were carried by twelve pages to the Queen's room. The days were so filled with pleasure that the Queen did not have time to open the caskets; she did not even remember them.

One day the King was busy with the treasurer, and the rain kept the Queen indoors. She saw the caskets, and went up to the table on which they stood; each held a paper, which the Queen unfolded. They were most uninteresting. "Aforesaid parties of the first part," read the Queen. "How stupid! Oh, how stupid!" yawned the Queen. She stood before the twelfth. "I'll just peep," she said. She raised the cover, and out flew a beautiful bubble. It floated out of the window, and the Queen laughed, showing her pretty dimples, saying, "The first secret that was interesting! It looked like a bubble." The Queen that night saw that the King looked worried. She was more loving and tender than ever. "I did not mean to trouble you, my love, but a great waterspout has swept over many miles of coast line, and the people are suffering."

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The months went past. A darling baby came to make the King and Queen happier, if that were possible.

The Queen grew more beautiful and more tender with the King, and he loved her more than ever. She kept close to him always, and was the happiest of women. It was her wish that the baby should be in her sight always. The people loved her more and more, for she was a mother Queen, not merely a Queen.

One day the King, the Queen, and the Prince were in the royal carriage. There was a shadow on the King's brow. The sun had been shining brightly, but now it had disappeared. Every few minutes the King glanced at the Queen.

"My love, did you open the twelfth casket?"

"No, no!" laughed the Queen. The laugh was turned to a shriek: the little Prince was gone. The King and Queen sat alone in the royal carriage. In wrath the King stood up. "You are wicked! The casket was opened. Leave the kingdom!"

The Queen was driven out of the city, and into the deep woods, where the King had found her.

Now the people sorrowed more than ever. The Queen, the beautiful Queen, was gone; the King was shut in the palace, and there was no Prince for the people to love.

The dwarf sat in the woods watching the palace. "One black spot," he muttered, "but now two." The King's good stepmother leaned from her casement window, looking toward the coast. "One black spot, and now two, and yet so beautiful and loving! Oh, the moans of the people!"

The King's stepmother determined to find the Queen. Day after day the stepmother hunted for her lost daughter, as she called her. Through the woods she called, and the wind carried her voice far. You would have thought it was the wind, but it was really the millions of fairies who love to help the good and kind and forgiving, who repeated the call over and over again like echoes through the woods.

One day she persuaded the King to go hunting. He went into a cave, out of a storm. There he saw, far in the darkness, a white figure. He went nearer and nearer. The light at last enabled him to see that it was a woman. As he bent over her she whispered, "I did open the twelfth casket. I opened it. Sorrow, sorrow ever since!"

The King took her in his arms and kissed her. "My love, I was cruel," he murmured.

"Never. Always kind, but I brought sorrow and sadness and loss to the kingdom." The King bent his head, and the Queen sought forgiveness with her eyes. There was a low, faint murmur in the cave, and the whir of wings. "The winds of peace and truth, obedience and love," whispered the Queen, and a soft breeze moved through the cave. The hunters' horns called for the King. He raised the Queen to her feet, and, leading her to the mouth of the cave, he called to his nobles, "The joy of life has returned," and they all knelt before the Queen, who rode again on the King's horse to the city, the people shouting with gladness and pointing to the palace.

The King hurried his horse. As they entered the palace gates, there stood the royal Prince holding the hands of the dwarf and the King's stepmother. "Pure, spotless, true, and strong. A queen mother," they said, as they put the Prince in the arms of the Queen.

When the Queen turned with the young Prince in her arms, the dwarf, the stepmother of the King, and the King saw that she stood straighter and taller and was more beautiful than ever.

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Books and Authors

An Appeal to the Fathers [1]

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, of Boston, has given us the fruit of many years' study in a critique upon the working of our political institutions which is worthy of the attentive consideration of every thoughtful patriot. It is conceived in the spirit of Lord Bacon's aphorism: "Since things change for the worse spontaneously, if they be not altered for the better designedly, what end will there be of the evil?" That our institutions were admirably designed, and that they have on the whole worked beneficially, Mr. Bradford has no doubt. As little doubt has he that, like all human constructions, they need repair and readjustment, and show signs of weakness under the increased strain of a changed time. The readjustment that he urges, and in which he is supported by an array of expert testimony, is not in any change of the Constitution. The difficulty of changing it he regards as one of its chief merits. His proposition is that we should "learn to work the Constitution as it is." The leading principle on which our government is based may be said to be the separation of executive and legislative power; the leading cause of failure, that we have never carried the principle into effect, "except in the town governments peculiar to New England." What we have in practice, as distinguished from what we have on paper, is government by the legislature, which in the States has reduced the executive to insignificance, and in the Nation has greatly encroached upon the theoretical independence of the executive, as Professor Woodrow Wilson showed ten years ago in his book on "Congressional Government."

The incapacity of the legislature, whether State or National, for governmental functions seems to be generally suspected, to say the least. Mr. Bradford enlarges upon this. Its members are not elected for special fitness; they represent at most only local interests; personal responsibility for the general welfare is correspondingly minimized; general interests are constantly sacrificed to local and private interests by log-rolling and lobbying; there is an increasing tendency to profligate expenditures, and the anarchy already existing in its conduct of financial matters is characteristic of the anarchical character and tendency of the present working of government by a legislature. So far has this gone that in our largest States there are practically two executives, the official one and the non-official, so that the Governor finds either his rival or his director in the Boss, who, by the aid of adherents in the legislature, is often able to dictate or to neutralize his action.

In this fact, so odious to all but place-hunters and spoilsmen, Mr. Bradford justly recognizes a distorted reflection of the idea of the framers of our National Constitution, of which our State Constitutions are more or less padded copies. Their theory of the executive contemplated a leader of that public opinion which is the working and the conservative force in a republic. They certainly did not expect that leadership to be exercised by a legislature in which public opinion is at best represented only in incoherent fractions. Nor did they expect his prerogatives to be shorn as they have been in the matter of appointments by the legislative usurpation styled "the courtesy of the Senate," or that his sphere of control would be also narrowed by the operation of a Civil Service Reform promoted mainly by his own abdication of power to avert worse evil through legislative interference. As the alternative to the growth of personal government by an irresponsible bossism, with political ruin in the sequel, Mr. Bradford deems it urgent to reinstate in practice the constitutional theory of personal government in place of the impersonal and irresponsible government by legislature that has largely supplanted it. In other words, he would restore to the executive, both State and Federal, its proper initiative and leadership, for safeguarding the exercise of which the legislature in the rôle of a vigilant critic can doubtless be relied on.

To accomplish this no new measure is

[1] *The Lesson of Popular Government.* By Gamaliel Bradford. In Two Volumes. $4. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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deemed necessary, but only a revival and permanent establishment under suitable regulations of the practice followed by Washington and his Cabinet. This was, in fact, proposed in 1881, in a bill to give the Secretaries of the executive departments seats on the floor of the Senate and the House, with the right of debate on matters relating to their business, and with the duty of answering inquiries and giving information thereupon. This bill was signed by all the members of the committee reporting it, but was never heard of after its introduction. Mr. Bradford enters at great length into the reasons that may be urged for it and against it. It would, of course, make it impossible to pay election debts by Cabinet seats. Only men of the highest ability could "fill the bill." The chief benefit would be in locating responsibility. A politician President could hardly play into the hands of Congressional intriguers, were independent members or the minority to have the right of publicly "heckling" his representatives on the floor. In recommending such a measure Justice Story emphasized this point in 1833, saying, "If corruption ever eats its way silently into the vitals of this republic, it will be because the people are unable to bring responsibility home to the executive through his chosen ministers." Add to this that the President, if represented in public debate by his lieutenants, is no longer in a retirement which discloses his views and policy only in an occasional message. Brought into direct and open contact with all important public questions, he has at least the opportunity of a real leadership in place of a titular.

"Then," argues Mr. Bradford, "would become possible that which is at once most needed and most lacking in our politics—personality." We regret lack of space to quote at length. The same measure is, in his mind, even more urgent in the State governments. Thus to invigorate and purify State administration is required for the maintenance of that political equilibrium between the States and the general Government which is an essential part of our constitutional theory, but is threatened by the centralizing tendencies that have been at work since the Civil War. Mr. Bradford quotes from the late Governor Russell's address to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1893, urging the importance of "the reform of existing machinery for the discharge of executive duty—machinery now without system, and destructive of that executive responsibility and supervision which the Constitution devolves upon the Governor, and for the proper exercise of which it meant to make him at all times amenable to the people." But since legislatures care nothing about that, Mr. Bradford thinks that some candidate for the Governorship will have to carry the demand directly to the people, and make it the winning issue in the canvass, before the change can come. The beginning of such a return to the way of the fathers of the republic seems to him more practicable and promising if tried first in the States rather than in the Federal sphere.

We lack space to follow Mr. Bradford in regard to city executives and city charters, or in his criticism of various propositions for curing our political disorders, as by the election of Senators by the people, proportionate representation, the initiative and referendum, etc., none of which he regards as a plaster that will cover the sore. Aside from his main proposition, there is nothing which seems to him of great moment but a return to the abandoned principle of election by a majority, with a second ballot when necessary between the two highest on the poll, as in Prussia. The abandonment of majority for plurality rule, with evils notably illustrated in New York City, has had, he judges, a more pernicious political effect than any other single measure. To the student of our constitutional theory and practice, the value of Mr. Bradford's work is in its cogent plea for return to the true theory of government by a responsible executive, as still practiced in the New England town, from the false practice of government by an irresponsible legislature, which inevitably falls a prey to bossism in the pay of private, class, and corporate interests against the interests of the people—a practice which grew from a traditional fear of the executive, and now is doubly condemned by the fact that executives are no longer feared and legislatures no longer trusted.

But, as the average reader does not sit down to a work of eleven hundred pages, a considerable section of which is given

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to an instructive study of popular government in other countries, we strongly recommend Mr. Bradford to make an abridgment of his elaborate and convincing argument for popular use.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending August 18. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge has published, through Messrs. Harper & Brothers (New York), a stout volume of four hundred and fifty pages on *The War with Spain*. It is the only complete history of the war yet offered by so able a historian, and it will undoubtedly commend itself to deservedly wide reading. It is really not necessary to read it to obtain a graphic and comprehensive idea of the march of events. This may be gained by looking at the eighty full-page illustrations, many of them of exceptional merit. They are by such artists as Messrs. Remington, Zogbaum, Thulstrup, Chapman, and Christy. However, they only whet one's appetite to know more in detail about the picturesque events of the war itself, its conduct, campaigns, and battles. The first part of Mr. Lodge's volume comprises a discussion of the Cuban question, and the relations which have existed between the United States and Spain during the present century. The account of recent happenings is given with evident intimate knowledge of the inside history of those happenings. The author's position on the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, and his wide acquaintance with present makers of history, have stood him in good stead in writing this book. While his style is clear, compact, and vigorous, he allows it at times to lapse into a somewhat spread-eagle and spouting vein; in so much it detracts from the work's historical value. Mr. Lodge brings out well, however, the salient fact that the final expulsion of Spain from the Americas and from the Philippines is but the last act in the long strife between those who have stood for liberty and those who have stood for tyranny.

Jacobus de Voragine, who died in 1298, after seven years of office as Archbishop of Genoa, was the author of a "Historia Longobardica seu Legenda Sanctorum," better known by its later title of *The Golden Legend*. This was a compilation arranged to supply a course of religious reading for the church calendar year. Its material consisted of acts of the martyrs, patristic writings, church lessons, and popular traditions. In this last field fancy probably had more than fair play, but, taken as a whole, the work became not only a storehouse of mediæval lore, but also a picture of contemporary as well as traditional religious conditions, ideals, and history. As Renan says, the stories in the Golden Legend are marvelously instructive as regards the colors and manners of the period to which they belong, and, as Mr. Madge, in the preface to his selections from the Legends, reminds us, it was the favorite manual of the most popular literature of the Middle Ages. Few books have passed through so many or so famous editions, and no one was more frequently printed during the last quarter of the fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth. The earliest printed copy is a substantial folio, dated Basle, 1474, two centuries after its compilation by Jacobus. The largest edition was Caxton's, in which the original matter was expanded to no less than four hundred and forty-eight chapters. As Caxton himself said of it, "The Legende named in latyn, 'Legenda Aurea,' that is to say in englysshe, 'The Golden Legende,' . . . as gold passeth in valewe alle other metalles, so thys legende excedeth alle other bookes." The most recent edition, before the one issued last week, was that fine example of Kelmscott Press work in 1892. The edition now before us consists of a judiciously made selection, exquisitely printed on exquisite paper. Both Mr. H. D. Madge, the editor, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. (New York), the publishers, are to be congratulated on the appearance of this altogether charming little volume.

A valuable standard work on anthropology has appeared in the "Cambridge Geographical Series"—*Man Past and Present*, by A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S. Its field lies largely in the dim prehistoric times, whose story modern science has been toiling to decipher from such vestiges as can be found. As a sequel to

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the previously published volume on "Ethnology," which was concerned mainly with mankind as a whole, the present volume deals chiefly with the four great divisions of mankind. These—the Negroes, the Mongols, the American aborigines, and the Caucasic peoples—are regarded as having been specialized in their several geographical areas at some time between the Old Stone and the New Stone Age; not less, probably, than one hundred thousand years ago. Their common ancestry is held to have overspread the world at least three hundred thousand years ago, in a period when the globe was warmer than now and with more of intercontinental land. The cradle of the race is placed in the now vanished Indo-African continent—where the late Professor Winchell placed it a dozen years ago. Confirmation has been given to this view by human remains discovered in East Java in 1892. The first two chapters deal with this primitive race, and the remainder of the work with the main groups and sub-groups derived from it. By critical discussions of the facts the author seems to have reconstructed the ethnical history of the Mediterranean peoples, and to have lighted up some obscure questions concerning African, Asiatic, and American races. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The Elements of Public Finance, by Professor Winthrop More Daniels, of Princeton, is satisfactory in its plan and clear in its historical statements, but is at times unexpectedly feeble and careless in its discussion of present problems. For example, in discussing the general property tax, the author, after saying that the taxation of personalty burdens unfairly the farmers—who uphold it—continues as follows: "Another piece of unfairness involved in the general property tax is that those who hold their property unencumbered by mortgages or debts pay taxes upon their entire property. Those whose property, on the contrary, is mortgaged, pay taxes only on the unencumbered part of their estates." If there is any State in which the borrowing of money rids the citizen of taxation on his property, it should be named in the text. In discussing the railroad problem the author assumes that all stocks and bonds of railroads represent "capital invested," and declares the danger of extortionate rates if pooling is legalized rather imaginary than real, because the rates "would continue to be subject to review by the Federal Commission." He has evidently not read what the Commission itself says of its powers to review rates, in the light of recent decisions. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

The Modern Farmer, by Edward F. Adams, is a wordy and commonplace discussion of the business relations of the present-day farmer to the world at large. It contains, however, several chapters of value on the co-operative associations through which fruit and vine growers of California are now marketing a large part of their product. According to the author, the sales of the co-operative fruit associations now aggregate $5,000,000 a year. (N. J. Stone Company, San Francisco.)

In 1857 Mr. William Allen Butler wrote *Nothing to Wear*. The poem instantly obtained a wide popularity, which it has retained ever since. It is now published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers in a new and charming edition, together with others of Mr. Butler's verses—there are many good things in the book besides "Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square." We read the following dedication: "To my wife, this volume, published in the fiftieth year of our wedded life, is inscribed." It is a satisfaction to know that in this exhausting world there are husbands and wives who round out half-centuries of united life.

Lord Rosebery's *Appreciations and Addresses* have a distinct charm of manner. One sees in the author the versatility and ready adaptiveness which mark the political leader, the man of the world, the lover of literature, and the close student of literature. Burke, Burns, Wallace, Gladstone, Stevenson—such are the subjects of the "Appreciations;" while the addresses are on such topics as "Bookishness and Statesmanship," "The Duty of Public Service," and "Parliamentary Oratory." Lord Rosebery is evidently an easy public speaker; his reported speeches are uniformly free from stiffness and restraint. In every case he evidently had something definite to say, some common-sense message to give, and he carried out his intention simply and effectively. This volume is, we believe, the one the sale of which was enjoined through the courts because of an interest-

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ing copyright decision to the effect that a newspaper whose reporters make for it a verbatim report of a public address holds the rights for that report to the exclusion even of the speaker himself. (John Lane, New York.)

A congenial literary task for Sir Edwin Arnold is the translation of Sa'di's *The Gulistan*, the famous Persian classic, in which are verses, anecdotes, tales, moralizings, epigrams, and other choice morsels of Eastern lore and romance. Sir Edwin describes Sa'di as "really the Horace and Marco Polo of the Far East combined," and his "Rose Garden" as a literary curry, a kabab of versatile genius, where grave and gay, humor and wisdom, laughter and tears, are threaded together on the skewer of wit, and spiced by a soft worldliness and gentle stoicism that make the dish irresistible, however jaded the mental appetite." The translation has all of Arnold's customary facility and felicity of phrasing. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The College Warden, by Dr. Henry A. Fairbairn, tells in a distinctly readable way the story of the life of Robert B. Fairbairn, who was for many years Warden of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y. Dr. Fairbairn died last winter at the age of eighty, fifty-five years after his ordination to the priesthood. This book is neither a formal biography nor a perfunctory tribute; it is written with a keen eye for that which was picturesque, individual, and instructive in Dr. Fairbairn's long life of usefulness. His educational experience, his zeal in philanthropic work, his skill in gaining influence over boys and young men, his sense of humor, are all well brought out. Thus the memoir is a character-study of positive and general interest. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.)

Cordially welcome is a new edition of George William Curtis's *Prue and I*. The book is of the kind that may become old but does not become antiquated. It is rich in Mr. Curtis's gentle humor, wide sympathy, and sound social philosophy. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Julian Ralph has collected half a dozen or so of his magazine stories into a volume called *A Prince of Georgia and Other Tales*. They are cleverly written, and one or two of them at least are worth re-reading. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

To the fine "Outward Bound" edition of Mr. Kipling's works, published by Charles Scribner's Sons (New York), has been added *The Day's Work, Part I.* This contains about half the matter in the book recently published under that title, with one story not heretofore included.

Tousled Hair is the unfortunate title given to the description of life in a boys' boarding-school, by Frederick Stanley Root. (F. Tennyson Neely, New York.) The story has so much of the real boy spirit and is so just to boy nature that the putting of the story in such a cover is unjust.

A translation of Japanese fairy tales by Susan Ballard, of the St. Hilda Mission, Tokyo, is published under the title of *Fairy Tales from Far Japan*, illustrated from Japanese originals. Translator and artist are so dominated by the modern spirit that the book, founded on the folklore of a people whose characteristics mark them from the rest of the world, is devoid of any national characteristics; the illustrations, at times, suggest a modern caricature. Fleming H. Revell Company (New York) are the publishers. They also publish *Three Times Three*, a Loyal Temperance Legion story in nine chapters by nine writers.

Books Received

For the week ending August 25

ADVANCE PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO

Sheldon, Charles M. John King's Question Class. 75 cts.

A. I. BRADLEY & CO., BOSTON

Tomlinson, Lena. The Triangle. $1.
Thurston, I. T. A Village Contest. $1.25.
Rand, Edward Augustus. The Whistle in the Alley. $1.

WILLIAM DRYSDALE CO., MONTREAL

Tait, Rev. James. Christianity Without Conscience. $1.

HINDS & NOBLE, NEW YORK

Stout, G. F. A Manual of Psychology. $1. (The University Tutorial Series.)

THE INLAND PUBLISHING CO., TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Practical Physical Exercises. Arranged by Louis Lepper and William H. Wiley. 80 cts.

A. N. MARQUIS & CO., CHICAGO

Who's Who in America, 1899-1900. Edited by John W. Leonard. $2.75.

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA

The Shakespearean Plays of Edwin Booth. Three Volumes. Edited by William Winter.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Norman, John Henry. Money's Worth.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Connor, Ralph. Black Rock: A Tale of the Selkirks. With an Introduction by Prof. George Adam Smith. $1.25.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA

Thoburn, Wilbur W. In Terms of Life.

THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, BOSTON

Wells, Amos R. The Missionary Manual. 35 cts.
Chapman, Rev. J. Wilbur, D.D. The Secret of a Happy Day. 50 cts. The Spiritual Life of the Sunday-School. 35 cts.

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The Religious World

French Protestants and the Dreyfus Affair

In emphasizing the Protestant connection with the Dreyfus affair, the "Chrétien Belge" prints a list of distinguished names. First of all it calls attention to MM. Scheurer-Kestner, ex-Vice-President of the Senate, and Francis de Pressensé, one of the editors of the "Temps," both Protestants, and originators of the movement for revision of the Dreyfus trial. They took that stand when it was a manifest compromise of their material interests to do so, and they have held it unfalteringly ever since. To these names we would add that of Maître Leblois, the friend and lawyer of Colonel Picquart. M. Trarieux, another friend of Picquart and ex-Minister of Justice, who has also long been outspoken for revision, has been supposed to be a Protestant. He is, however, an independent, though a constant attendant at Protestant worship. Ex-Premier Brisson, a man of unswerving integrity and austere morality, is a Protestant, as is also M. Krantz, lately Minister of War. Both have been energetic Dreyfusards. President Loew, presiding over the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation, worthy and impartial as he showed himself to be, was dispossessed because he was unable to find against Dreyfus. President Loew is a Protestant, as are M. Jules Siegfried, the well-known Senator and philanthropist, M. Jules Laroche, formerly Governor of Madagascar, and Dr. Gibert, the distinguished physician and friend of the late President Faure. Dr. Gibert affirms that, before the "affair" became open talk, the President said: "Dreyfus has been condemned upon charges not communicated to the defense." Dreyfusards in the domain of education are Dean Bruston, of the University of Paris; Professor Buisson, also the head of the primary schools of Paris (who was recently and repeatedly insulted because of his convictions); and M. Stapfer, Dean of the Faculty of Letters at Bordeaux. The last named was summarily suspended from office and salary because he alluded to the "affair" in one of his lectures in a way to show his sympathy. Professor Marillien, the soul of the anti-alcohol movement, was insulted and spat upon by his anti-Semitic students at the University because of his sympathy for Dreyfus. Professor Raoul Allier, of the Theological Faculty of Paris, and Professor Albert Réville, the eminent author of the "History of Religions," belong to the same group.

Paris Protestant Pastors

Of the distinguished family which has given so much mental and spiritual influence to France, MM. Gabriel Monod, a professor at the University of Paris, Édouard Monod, pastor of the Protestant church on the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and Théodore Monod, pastor of the Protestant church near the Place Bastille, have played considerable parts. Other pastors who have strongly declared themselves for Dreyfus are MM. Robert Hollard, of the Latin Quarter, Georges Migot, of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, Charles Wagner, the well-known author and orator, Babut, Trial, Houter, and Comte. The last named is at the head of the Social Purity Movements, and is also the editor of the journal of that league, the "Relèvement Social." He was deprived of his salary by the Government for his adherence to the "League for the Rights of Men." To measure properly the part which these men have played, says a leading French journal, one needs only to note the hatred that they have attracted from their opponents; and this, too, gives a fair estimate of the importance of their intervention. Protestants number, it is true, but a few hundred thousand, as contrasted with many millions of Freethinkers and Clericals, but the Protestants of to-day, as the Huguenots of old time, stand, not only for a purer Christian faith, but also both for love of freedom and for reverent respect for law and order. Instead of the spread of the Protestant spirit, we find among most Frenchmen to-day a glorification of the army as typifying national vanity, and a subservience to military tyranny. In the long run, however, the world must take cognizance of such an action as that of Madame Godard, a Protestant, who offered

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her home at Rennes to Madame Dreyfus, when all hotels there had been closed to the prisoner's wife. Upon French Protestants the duty is specially incumbent of revealing to France that character and courage which should make impossible the return of another Dreyfus infamy.

Religious Liberty in Japan

At the beginning of August the Home Department of the Japanese Government issued an edict compelling all religious sects, Christian or otherwise, to bow to the decrees of the local governors of Japan. The pronunciamento says that any person desiring to engage in the teaching of religion must forward to the local governor all particulars concerning his church, its finances, its scheme of faith, plan of extension, and personal and religious history of the applicant and other officers connected with the particular church. If it is wished to build any edifice for religious purposes, the following particulars must be answered:

Why such building is necessary; date when building will be completed; name of building, where situated, and all necessary information relating to the land and building, and also the plan of the structure; the name of the religion, the method of its control and maintenance; when there is a chief preacher, his qualifications and the method of his election.

If the building is not completed within the term stated by the applicant, the permit will be nullified. In case there is a change of clergymen or an increase in their number, or if any change occurs bearing on any of the tenets of the church, or, in fact, if anything is wanted, the clergymen, or those in charge, must go to the Governor for permission. Speaking of these requirements, members of the Japanese Embassy at Washington declare that their Government has no intention of restricting foreigners in the freedom of worship, but that it wishes to be in possession of all the information possible. Mr. Nakagawa, Secretary of Legation, says that, previous to the new treaties entered into by Japan with other governments, all foreigners were subject only to the laws of their own countries, and could not be tried by Japanese courts. Churches and church property of foreigners were also subject only to the Governments to which the heads of the churches belonged. Under the new conditions, however, all church property of foreigners must be registered with the Japanese officials in the same way in which Japanese church property is registered, and the foreigners must conform to the same laws to which the Japanese in their religious work conform. Mr. Nakagawa adds that there is no intention on the part of the Japanese Government to interfere with the religious creeds and beliefs of foreigners. These foreigners in Japan can worship as freely in their own churches as in this country. They will be in no way restricted by the Japanese officials, but they will be required to conform to rules regarding legislation which, while not hampering them at all, will be beneficial in affording to them the protection of the Imperial Government.

The Roman Catholic Church in South America

In Ecuador a movement has been started to restrict the clerical representatives of the Roman Catholic Church to their priestly functions, and thereby to free political life from their domination. Restrictive legislation has been achieved. During the past two years the clericals have twice vainly tried to overthrow the present Government in Ecuador, but in both cases the revolutionists were defeated by the Government forces. In their turn the priests have appealed to the Vatican, and some of them have even threatened closing their churches. The report that certain prelates had recommended the separation of the Latin churches in South America from the jurisdiction of the Spanish Primate is declared by Monsignor Zubaria, Archbishop of Durango, Mexico, to rest on a misapprehension of fact. The Archbishop himself has just returned from Rome, whither he went to attend a Council of the Latin-American Archbishops, which had been convened by the Pope to consider the conditions of the Church in South America and Mexico. It is interesting to note that this was the first meeting in three centuries of Latin-American church dignitaries. It was attended by fifty-three Archbishops, each of whom presided in turn. Monsignor Zubaria says that the question of separating the Latin churches in South America and Mexico from the jurisdiction of the Spanish Primate is no question at all, for the very good reason that, though the Archbishop of Toledo still possesses the title of Patriarch of the

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Indies, such a title is purely honorary, and he has nothing to do with the South American or Mexican churches. Those churches belong to ecclesiastic provinces, each of which is independent of the others. Monsignor Zubaria admitted that the Roman Catholic Church in Latin America does not wield the power which it formerly had with the various governments. He believed, however, that it had not lost ground with the people. While all will agree to the truth of the first statement, there will be many to doubt the truth of the second, and the Ecuador event seems to be a case in point.

Mormonism

A report read last week at the Methodist Utah Conference held at Salt Lake City includes some interesting statistics as to the number of converts from Mormonism, compared with the number of perverts to Mormonism. This is the first time that statistics on the subject have been gathered. Returns from twenty-eight churches of various denominations show that of their present membership seventeen and one-half per cent. are from Mormon sources, while during their history total gains from Mormonism and its apostates equal fifty-two and a half per cent. of their present enrollment. On the other hand, the instances of perversion to Mormonism from orthodox ranks have been less than a half of one per cent. of the numbers that have come from it. These statistics show a far larger proportion of converts from Mormonism than the present numerical strength of the orthodox churches would indicate. The proportion ought really to be enlarged, because many who have embraced Christianity have been compelled by loss of employment, social ostracism, and business boycotting to migrate from the State, and thus have been lost to church statistics. The proportion, however, is gratifyingly surprising; it might have been expected that when business and professional success and political preferment are enhanced by alliance with the dominant Church there would have been more additions to it. The Methodist Conference did not fail to memorialize the House of Representatives at Washington to expel Mr. B. H. Roberts, the representative, not only of Utah, but of polygamy.

Dr. De Costa's Resignation

Last week the announcement was made of the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York City. Because of the prominent part Dr. De Costa took regarding the ordination of Dr. Briggs, his resignation is not only of local but of general interest. However, Dr. De Costa says that the Briggs affair had nothing to do with his resignation. He asks to be relieved of the responsibilities and cares of his rectorship solely on account of his age. Six years ago Dr. De Costa resigned, but his vestry would not allow him to go; they will now probably give to him the place of Rector Emeritus of the church. He came to New York City in 1863, and, in addition to his clerical labors, assumed the editorship of the "Christian Times," continuing in that work for several years. Later he edited the "Magazine of American History." In 1881 he became rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, where he has been ever since. Dr. De Costa has been a prolific writer. In addition to many sermons and religious writings, he has published a volume of poems and a novel. During the war he was Captain in the Fifth and Eighteenth Massachusetts regiments of infantry. Dr. De Costa's name seems Italian or Spanish in origin; as a matter of fact, he is a descendant of the Huguenots.

Mount Hermon

The new chapel, a birthday gift from friends in Great Britain and this country to Mr. Moody, is not at Northfield itself (as inadvertently stated in a paragraph in this department), but at Mount Hermon, five miles away. Because the girls' school at Northfield and the boys' school at Mount Hermon are both the product of Mr. Moody's untiring benevolence, people who know of the schools only by name often think they are one and the same. The management is entirely distinct. Mount Hermon, with the addition of the new dormitory opened last autumn, will probably be the larger school, by one hundred pupils, when it opens in September. It ranks as one of the best-equipped preparatory schools for young men in the country, and now enters upon the plan of running all the year round.

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Correspondence

Metaphysical Healing

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Referring to your late article on Metaphysical Healing, is it not perfectly clear, from the reading of the numerous medical bills presented, that suppression rather than regulation, so far as Christian Science is concerned, is the real and determined purpose of those who support them?

If, as you claim, Christian Science healing constitutes "medical practice," why should not its duly accredited representatives enjoy the same recognition accorded the representatives of other schools?

On the other hand, if Christian Science healing does not constitute "medical practice," it must be recognized as a religious exercise which is privileged and protected by the most sacred declarations of the Constitution.

Prayer for the healing of the sick has always been a distinct feature of religious faith, and it has never been thought of as "medical practice" or in any way objected to until it became so definite in its purpose and so marked in its beneficent results as to be brought into competition with other means of cure which for so long a time have monopolized the business; and this matter of competition manifestly explains the anxiety and interest of the medical fraternity.

When sincere Christian people assert their privilege and duty to heal "all manner of diseases" in themselves and in others, so far as their aid is solicited, as Christ healed them, and as he repeatedly commanded his followers to heal, it would seem that they are not overstepping the liberty which is guaranteed to every type of faith. In your statement that the community has the right and the duty to afford protection to little children against the neglect of their parents, it seems to be tacitly assumed that mental treatment is no treatment at all!—which is a palpable begging of the question. As conceded by the most eminent representatives of all schools of therapeutics, these schools are not scientific but empirical, and no one need leave home to find abundant evidence not only of blundering diagnosis and experiment, but of the pitiful inadequacy of these systems at their best. On the other hand, Christian Scientists challenge investigation as to the efficiency of their method, and stand ready to give proofs that unnumbered cases of chronic disease pronounced incurable have been healed.

It becomes, therefore, a very serious question as to what constitutes "neglect." Christian Scientists have reached the profoundest conviction that to ignore mental treatment and administer drugs is to be culpably neglectful of the body, as well as untrue to their best understanding of Biblical teaching. To interdict their privilege under these circumstances becomes a very serious infringement of that freedom of faith and individual liberty in which our institutions are grounded. Further, this protest and persecution comes, not from the people, but from limited classes—physicians and ministers—whose worldly interests are affected, in greater or less degree, by the rapid growth of this "new-old faith." That the doctors are especially sensitive on this point is seen in the associated efforts of all the warring factions of *materia medica* to secure repressive legislation in the interest of a common weal. Your final statement regarding the matter is gratifying to all lovers of freedom and fair play. In view of the unnumbered instances of wonderful cure effected, in view of the sanity and sincerity of the great body of its representatives, and in view of the emphasis it lays upon the teaching and practice of Jesus Christ and the ideal of personal purity and unselfishness which he presented to men, is it not more than manifest that Christian Science does not and cannot "endanger the health and well-being of the community," but will aid in that war against the sensual and the material to which all Christian and all other high-minded effort is committed?

J. B. W.

[See editorial page for comment on this letter.—THE EDITORS.]

At a meeting of the guests of Lake Mohonk Hotel, August 21, at which Mr. Booker T. Washington spoke, a collection of $1,750 was raised for the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in Alabama.

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Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. Does "faith," as used in the New Testament, mean the same as "to believe" or "belief," when used in reference to salvation? 2. Which is more primary in its meaning, faith or belief? If such discrimination can be made, which is exercised first in the process of conversion, faith or belief?

J. P. R.

1. Yes. 2. Faith is the primary word. In faith an ethical element is always present; not always in belief. Faith, therefore, is the word to express the obedient consent of the will, which is the thing of moment in conversion or turning to God. Various beliefs may be preparatory to this act, but the act itself is an act solely of faith. In the New Testament "faith" regularly denotes trust in a person rather than belief of a proposition.

Please recommend some healthy reading for a young woman who is fascinated with the Roman Catholic Church and in a most morbid religious state. P. M. S.

The terms of this question are such as seemingly to preclude a helpful answer. The right sort of reading for an unknown person in a morbid state of mind is difficult to divine. For an inquirer of serious purpose in good mental condition we should heartily recommend Professor Foster's recent work, "The Fundamental Ideas of the Roman Catholic Church Explained and Discussed for Protestants and Catholics" (Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia).

Kindly inform me of the publishers of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," by Thomas Jay Hudson. N. H. M.

The A. C. McClurg Company, Chicago.

There is a young divinity student . . . who says for benediction, "Now may the peace of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost be with and abide with us forever." Is this correct? L. N. Y.

It is in theological rather than Scriptural phraseology. It is derived from the so-called Athanasian Creed of the eighth century, in which Trinitarianism attained its extreme development. In an orthodox church, as in the present case, it cannot be complained of as not correct.

I should like to inquire if there is a good short work on the miracles, designed to convince those who disbelieve in miracles.

M. M. P.

The most satisfactory "short" treatment of the subject that we have met is in a discourse on "Miracle and Life," in a volume entitled "New Points to Old Texts" (T. Whittaker, New York, $1.25). On "the miracles," taken severally, there is no short work that is valuable to-day. Dr. Bruce's "Miraculous Element in the Gospels" ably aims to remove the difficulties of the subject, but is not a short work (Armstrong, New York).

Who is the author of the poem "In the Downhill of Life," which ends in the following words:

"And this worn-out old stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow."

L. B. L.

Please give me the name of (1) a book treating the New Testament as thoroughly as Canon Driver's "Introduction" treats the Old. (2) Some books especially helpful for a study of the teachings of the New Testament.

R. F. C.

Salmond's "Introduction to the New Testament" is designed for this. It may be advantageously supplemented by McGiffert's "Apostolic Age." This, together with Stevens's "Theology of the New Testament," Smyth's "Christian Ethics" (Scribners), and Mathews's "Social Teaching of Jesus" (Macmillan), will probably be sufficient for a general view.

Please mention two or more arrangements of exercises for family worship with appropriate prayers and short comments. This is desired for a family of adults who have been unused to the practice, but might, with a suitable help of this kind, undertake it.

SUBSCRIBER.

The Rev. R. W. Clark's little volume, "The Church in Thy House" (T. Whittaker, New York, 50 cents), is a very helpful compilation of Scripture selections and prayers, though without comments, for the successive mornings and evenings of a month.

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The Home Club

Growth and Physical Training

There is a most important article in the June number of the "Forum" by Dr. William O. Krohn, Psychologist of the Illinois Eastern Hospital for the Insane. The subject is "Physical Growth Periods and Appropriate Physical Exercise." The writer has examined over 32,000 children in the State of Illinois, and his deductions are those of a scientist who questions before he forms an opinion. His attention was drawn to the physical growth of children, and the care of them during the period of growth, by the patients under his charge, whose mental condition he believed was often due to neglect, or failure to give the body needed training, or the still greater evil of the wrong kind of physical training at specific periods of development. The failure to recognize this periodicity in growth lies at the root of the physical failures during school life. He points out that the muscles of the upper arm are ready for training one year and a half before the muscles of the fingers; the shoulder muscles, six months before the muscles of the elbow; these muscles, five to eight months before the muscles of the wrist; while the wrist muscles develop six months before the finger muscles. This development proves the necessity of much work during this period of growth, and justifies the protests of the oculists as to the nervous strain of small pricking and sewing during the kindergarten age. Large needles, large stitches, large writing and large drawing tools should be used by young children. The finger muscles should not be called upon to work at this period. The work should be done by shoulder and arm muscles.

Dr. Krohn divides the growth period and the exercises for each period into three periods and classes. From six to nine, all the exercise should be to develop growth, increase circulation, and for purposes of recreation. During this period exercise is of peculiar importance to the child's whole future. That the child does not have the watchful care that this period demands is proved by the fact that examinations by specialists here and abroad have proved that the school-children tire more easily at eight than at seven; the heart especially showing fatigue. The result is loss of mental interest. Some children never recover. The lightest forms of exercise alone are permissible—simple games of motion. During the period of from nine to fourteen three kinds of exercises are necessary: exercises tending to growth and blood formation; exercises that tend to improve poise and carriage; those involving skill. Dr. Krohn protests against trials of endurance at this period of physical development. If entered upon, games of endurance must close before exhaustion. Drill and calisthenics aid in training to secure muscular quickness. Baseball is particularly recommended for the close of this period. The period between fourteen and twenty this writer calls the period *par excellence* for physical training. To quote: "The crying need of exercise during this period is in the purpose, above all, of inciting strong activity of heart and lungs; and, to be of any real benefit, the exercise must conduce to the development of skill, daring, and courage." Dr. Krohn, with feeling born of knowledge, points out that a rich store of physical power will enable the child to resist not only physical disease but "various forms of psychological taint that may result from the stress of social conditions in which he may be compelled to pass his later life, real mental abnormalities that would certainly befall him if his powers of resistance should be weakened, owing to a poorly developed body."

The First Acquisition

Superintendent Gilbert, of the Newark (N. J.) public schools, in an address delivered before the Schoolmasters' Association, attributed the loss of pupils between the grammar and the high school, not to the desire of the pupils to enter business, but to the fact that the pupil sustained a shock that severed his interest by a sudden plunge into school work that threw him on his own resources. The reply to this made by some of the masters present was that the failure to teach self-reliance, the

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habit of work, the love of study for the sake of acquiring self-mastery, of learning how to use books, how to use the knowledge the pupil possessed in the elementary schools, all contributed to the failure of many grammar-school pupils to continue through the high school. They had not learned how to apply either their minds or their knowledge to new questions; they had acquired a habit of dependence which in the nature of things was wholly out of place in the high school. What was needed was the kind of training that put the pupil in possession of himself. The high school must in the nature of things drop all the nursery elements, and leave the pupil free to work out in a measure his own problems. What the elementary school must do is to teach the pupil how to study, and the relation between different studies. Pupils must learn, above all things, how to use what they do know in progressing. It is not only that each study is taken by itself, but each grade is taken up by too many pupils as isolated factors in an unknown and too often unknowable whole. The trouble with us is that no aim is kept before the children, unless it be a certificate which often represents, in truth, nothing but a good memory. How to study is the first step in education. Master that and education becomes almost a royal road.

Why Not?

The Woman's Club of Jersey City decided several months ago to improve the condition of the streets in that city. The members began by speaking to every sweeper and cartman who was careless in doing his work, reporting to the Commissioner all who did not improve. A man who was spoken to knew that his number went on file, and that when a certain number of reports to the Club's committee about that one number went in, with date and place where negligence occurred, he would be reported to the Commissioner. It took but a short time for the men in the department to learn that this Club was in earnest. To the sweepers every woman was a volunteer inspector always on duty and not lenient. The result of this energy was a marked improvement in every direction.

The children of the schools were interested, but as the city did not provide cans for papers and fruit-skins, the method was to arouse interest, create a standard, develop civic interest and community pride.

A committee of the Club visited the Street Commissioner to urge further improvements, when the Commissioner suggested that the contract for street-cleaning be taken by the women. The papers report that the proposition is being seriously considered. In small towns women have taken the contract and have succeeded; a garbage contract was taken by a woman in Chicago, and the results were so eminently successful as to arouse the active animosity of the district leaders, and it was discovered by the authorities that such a contract must not be renewed.

If the experiment is made in Jersey City, and successfully for the good of the city, it will give a new factor to the municipal problems, by throwing out of the political horizon a large field of patronage. A large percentage of the people in all our great cities would see in this an evil far worse than dirty streets.

The Eyesight of School-Children

At a recent meeting of the Optical Society of New York a paper was presented by a physician who had examined the eyes of over seven hundred school-children. He stated as a result of his work that he believed about twenty-five per cent. of the children of school age were suffering from defective vision. He held that this defective vision was at the bottom of much of the friction between teachers and parents, for the reason that objects are conveyed to the child's brain in confused lines, producing a muddle of ideas and a consequent headache. This causes a distaste for school in the child and a belief on the part of the parents that the fault lies with the teacher. This physician advised: "Before starting in school the eyes of children should be carefully examined by one competent, and any errors of refraction or accommodation existing corrected. This examination should be repeated each succeeding year or until the child reaches maturity."

Not only should the condition of the eyes of the child be known when it begins school life, but also the condition of light in the school-rooms, and the kind and quantity of light used at home when studying and reading.

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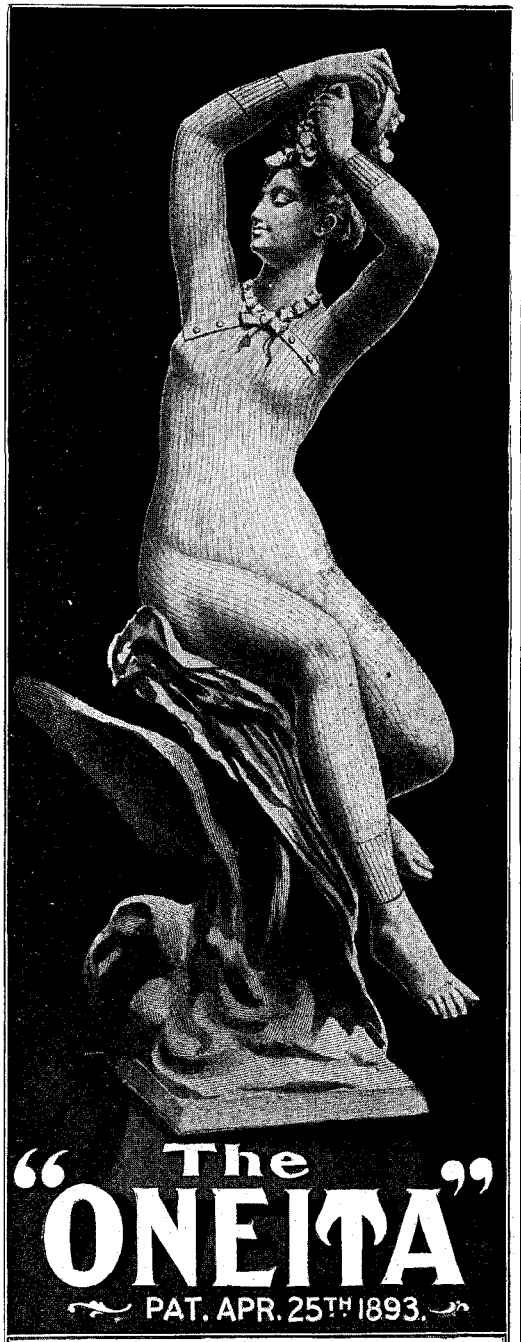

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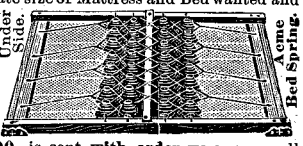

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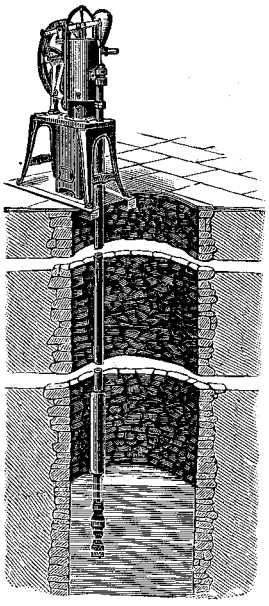

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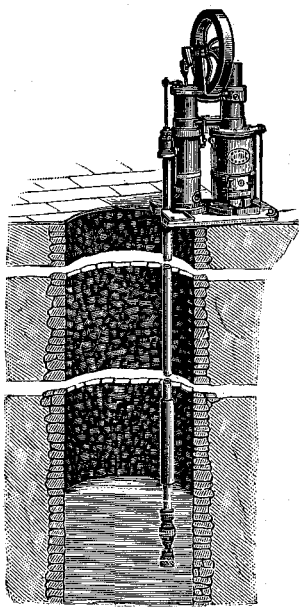

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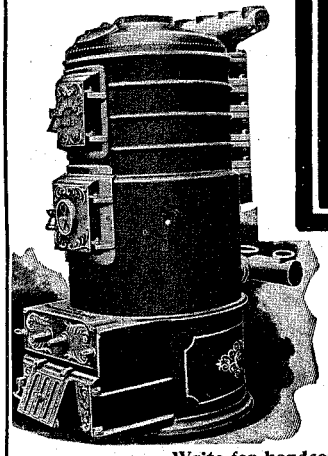

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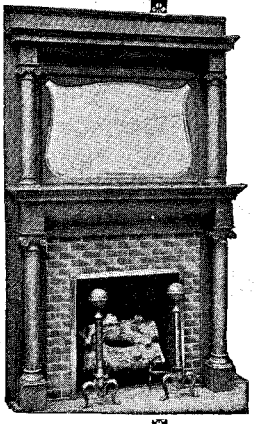

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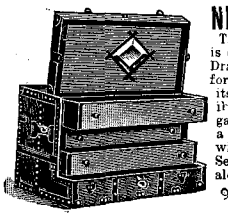

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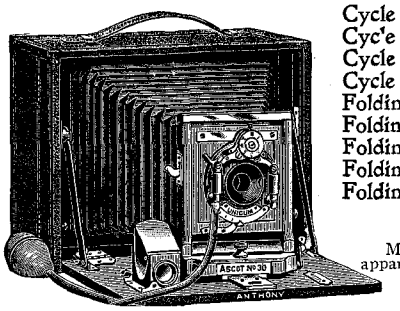

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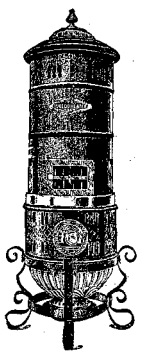

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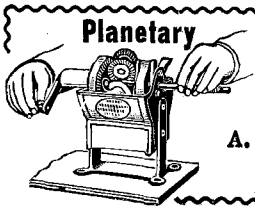

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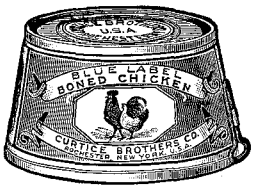

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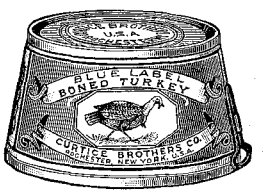

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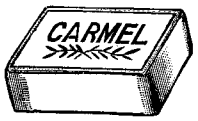

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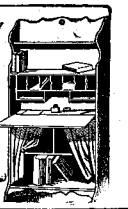

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Rooms will be drawn at 2 P.M.

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New York, Aug. 14, 1899.

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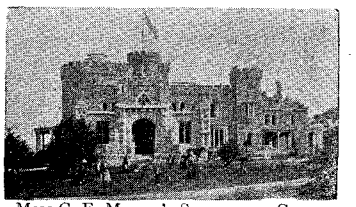

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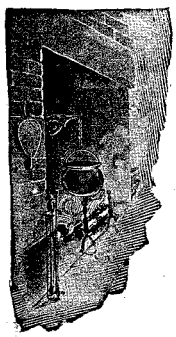

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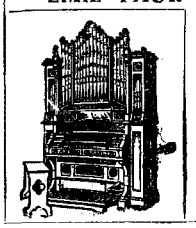

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